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AUGUST, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 43 No. 2 AUGUST, 1951

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CONTENTS

Cover Design

The Red Sash

Articles

The Struggle for the Tourist Trade
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 9 and 76

Is the Seaside Doomed?
by *Gordon Beckles* 10–11 and 58

Have Fakes a Future?
by *Guy Livingston* 12 and 66

Portrait of a Country Town
by *Garth Christian* 16 and 72

She Loved a Rebel Duke
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthews* 17–20 and 66

Shopping by Sedan
by *Philip Spring* 21 and 62

The Sacred Isle
by *V. A. Firsoff* 24 and 64

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 28 and 74

Home Section

Ornaments in the Small Garden 29
An at Home or Away Wardrobe 30
I Like Dish Washing 32
Suit Yourself 33
The Summing Up 34
Ventilating Sense 36
Of Myths and Men 38
Knitting :
Five Ounce Jerkin 40 and 74
Baby's Knitted Coat 40 and 74
Sunshine Into Rain 41
Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
How Well You Look 42
Nail Tonics 42
Combined Cosmetics 43
Holiday Sewing 44
Woman at the Wheel 45
Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir* 46–47
This Way is Just As Easy : Fruit 46
Vegetables 47
New Theories on Childbirth 48 and 72
True or False 50
Information Centre 51
Easy Trims 52
Preserves 53
Mrs. Beeton's Ancestor 54

Stories

Death of a Lion
by *Eric Rae*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 5–8 and 70

The Millionth Chance
by *George Godwin*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 13–15 and 56

The Macbeth Dagger
by *Louis Golding*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 22–23 and 60

The Waiter's Clue
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustrations
by *Tony Weare* 25–27 and 68

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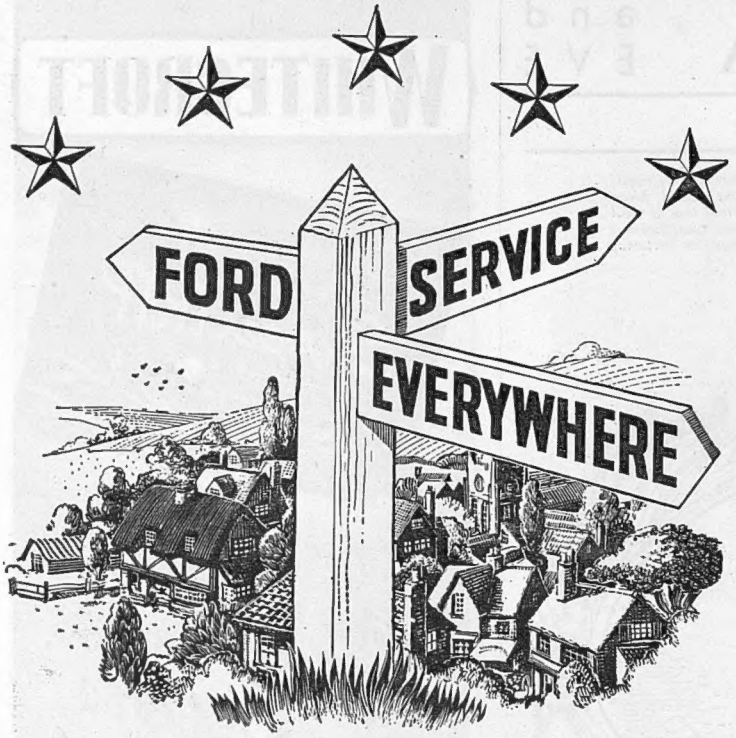

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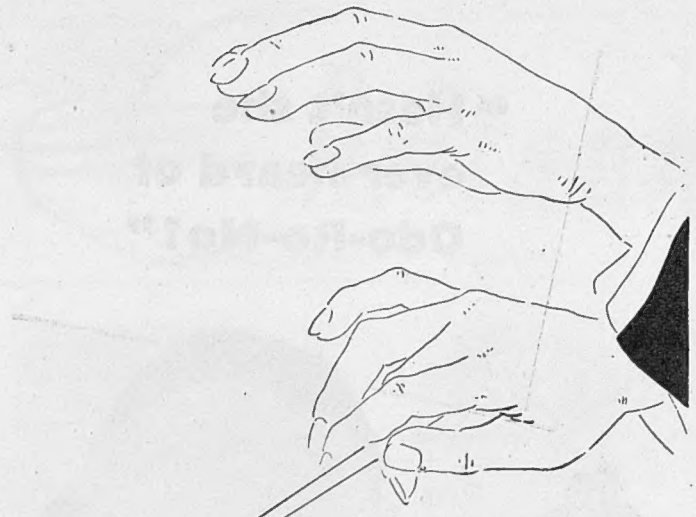

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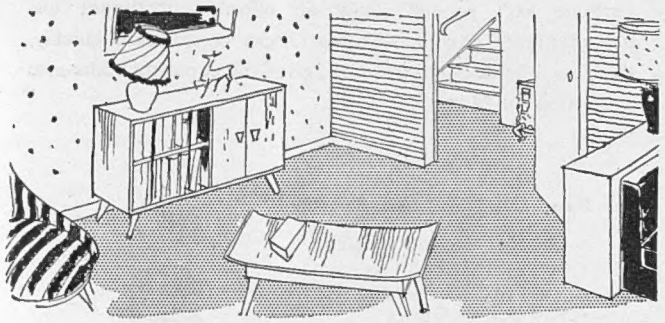

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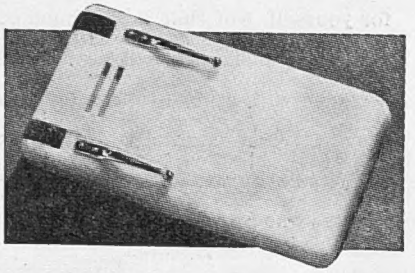

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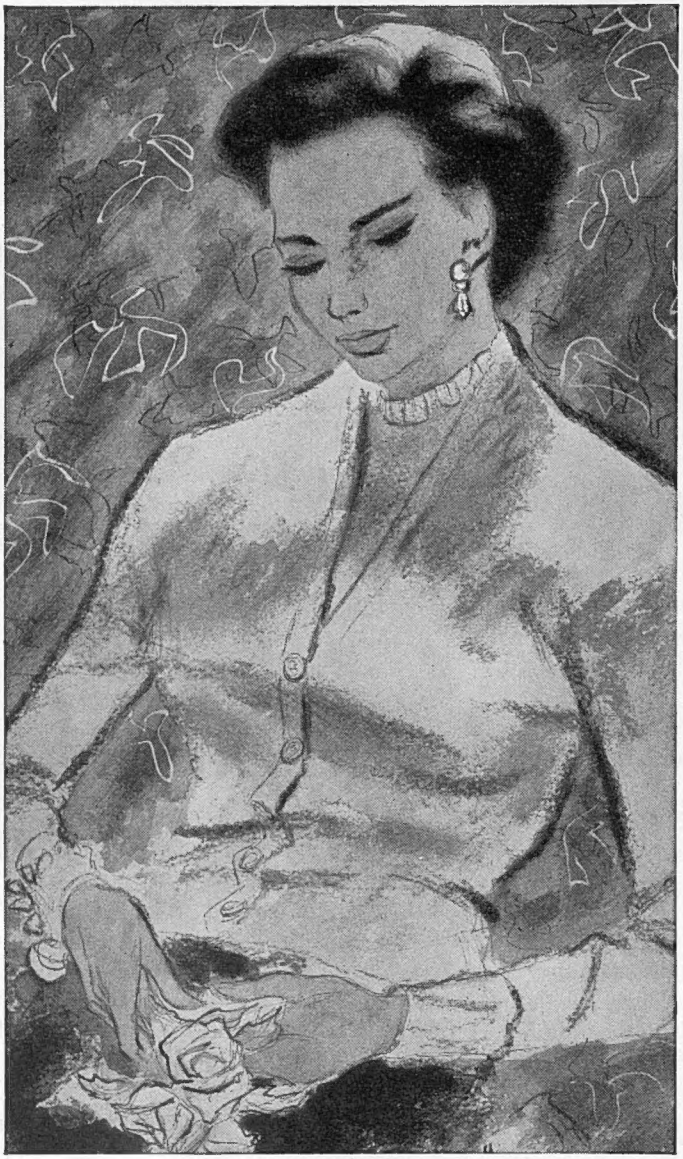

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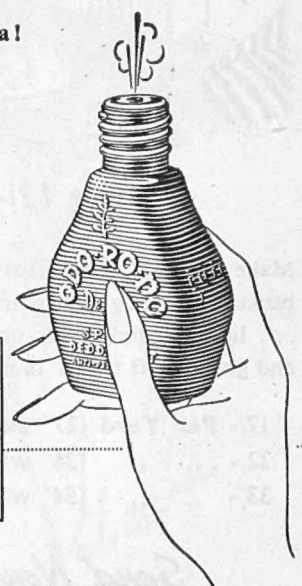

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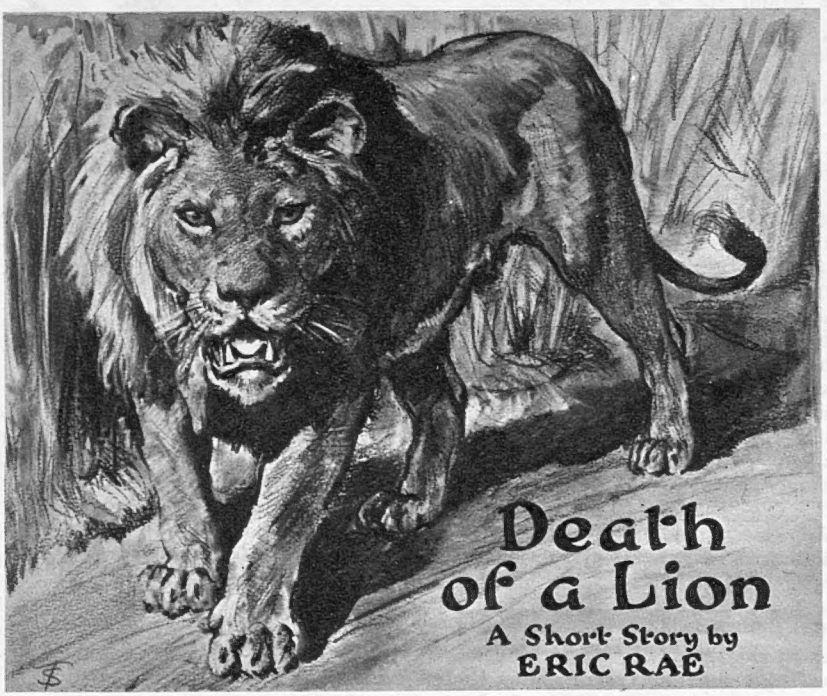


Death of a Lion

A Short Story by ERIC RAE

THE Police Commissioner belched as he sat in the canvas chair on his veranda, gazing out over the heavy oil-painting landscape of short wooded hills and yellow-green valleys which had been neighbours to his country residence for ten years. He had drunk too much beer too fast again. Stinking muck, African beer.

Eternally the same scene : the thorn bush with its yellow flowers ; a corner of the general store ; a narrow dirt road, flanked with heavy-leafed trees ; and beyond, nine-foot-high grass, and the gullied hills, and the jungle. Eternally the same hard-biting tsetse fly and the same bad beer from town. Yet he liked it ; or at any rate, could tolerate this environment better than any other. In years gone past, until he was married, he had used to spend long leave in England. But England had gone to the dogs long ago. Now, he never went farther north than the Mediterranean nor farther south than Cape Town. If a man feels at home in a certain country, that is where he ought always to be.

Anne came out from the bungalow and busied herself laying a small table for tea. He watched her moving gracefully around, her long, dark hair stirring in the slight breeze. He wondered again why she had married him. Beautiful girl. Dozens after her. Probably the romance of his life seen from an aunt's flat in Kensington. Lieut.-Colonel, V.C., D.S.O., Croix de Guerre, His Majesty's Commissioner of Police in Manda. Didn't even used to drink much in those days.

He stirred somewhat impatiently in his chair.

" Why don't you let the boy do that ? "

" Because I like to do it myself. It gives me something to do."

She did not look at him ; and her voice when she replied was quite emotionless : as it had been, he remembered, when she spoke to that irritating old aunt. The I-am-me-and-you-are-you-and-never-the-twain-shall-meet kind of voice. He stifled another belch, and returned to his contemplation of the hills. It had come to that.

It had been going this way for years, of course : to be precise, from the time when, three years ago, he had taken to drinking before noon. Even a girl a few months out of England would know what that meant. And feel it. But what else can a man do if there are no more wars to fight, nothing to do either in town or out here for twelve hours a day except sit in a chair and read, or swat the flies ? When month after month the sum of one's duty every day is to look through a bunch of unimportant papers which any native clerk could deal with efficiently, put on one's uniform and take it off again ?

He sighed again, waving a broad leaf about his head to keep off the flies, looking after her as she moved lightly past. She never stopped near him now ; never touched him if a contact could be avoided. He knew better than to ask why. He had done so once, two years ago ; and the cold, colourless voice had replied : " You know I don't like the odour of drink, Harry." Just that : with no emotion at all ; but nevertheless conveying a terrible contempt, expressed in the very choice of that word " odour." An aristocrat to the bones. Hurting as only an aristocrat can hurt. Making one remember, though saying nothing and perhaps knowing nothing, the council school in which one was educated, and that before joining up one had been a mere bank clerk.

And now the final fly in the ointment : young Hawkins, his assistant for a year,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN.

coming round the corner of the general store : blond, flat-backed, broad-chested, hardly thirty years of age. Naturally attractive to a woman who saw little of men except blacks and a handful of drink-sodden fly-killers in town. Not that the two ever did anything that they shouldn't, nor even looked as if they might try next time he was up-country. But when two young people who feel deeply about each other even exchange glances, what they are thinking becomes very obvious.

The Commissioner stared hard at his assistant, who caught the eye upon him and looked shiftily away. Yes, he had many thoughts. And he was ashamed of them.

" Hawkins ! "

The boy came over. " Sir ? "

" Anything new ? "

" Nothing from town, sir. M'Kama says there are half-a-dozen lions in the hills."

The Commissioner grunted. That was news ; if something which happened at this season of every year with almost unfailing regularity could be called news. He tried to find some especial interest in the topic now, and failed. Lions as a general rule trouble those who trouble them. Probably no one would see so much as a whisker so near to town as this.

" Ask Abdul to oil my Springfield, please," he said, trying to sound as if there were more than a remote possibility that the rifle would be used. " One never knows."

" Best to be prepared, sir." The assistant moved away.

So it is every day, the Commissioner thought. Four hours' office work. Perhaps. The rest of the time sitting on one's bottom, talking about the possible future. No war. No real fun. Nothing to tone you up. A little elephant and lion-shooting on leave : no more. Once in a blue moon a little excitement about a snake, or a few ritual murderers, who, as likely as not, would be sitting quietly at home waiting to be taken. The rest of the time waiting, waiting, waiting to live.

Not like the good old war. He remembered it with relish : memories which were the one unfailing entertainment in this rusticating existence. Coming in with the commandos to the French beaches. Bayonet charges in the desert. Hand-to-hand scrapping with grenades in Italy. Those were the days : snapshots of memories that warmed the blood. V.C. in Belgium for taking his fifteenth nasty machine-gun nest singlehanded. D.S.O. in Tunisia. Twelve times mentioned in dispatches within one month. Run straight at them—that had always been his method, no matter what they were shooting nor where. Run, yell, and chuck grenades. Ten to one they 'd get shaky and miss. Except for a bullet in the leg and another through the lung and a bit of ear chipped off, they always had.

He woke with a start out of his day-dreams, to bring himself back to the quiet veranda. Yes, the good old days ; but days that were now past for ever. Now, a cold wife, cold beer, and a seat in the shade.

He grunted, sighed, belched and, getting to his feet, wandered down the steps of the veranda, more for the sake of something to do than because he was going anywhere. Anne had disappeared within the bungalow. A native travelling along the road, his loin-cloth tied around his shoulder, carrying a spear, attracted the Commissioner's attention.

" Seen simba ? " Though he could speak Swahili fluently, he rarely did so. Get the beggars used to a civilised language.

" Simba in hills, Bwana. Two hours' march."

" Bwana Colonel to you." The Commissioner spat after him. " Hear me ? "

" Yes, Bwana Kun'l."

The native went on, and again the Commissioner had nothing to do. He wandered around the general store, eyeing its Indian proprietor with distaste, then around to the back of his own house. Passing one of the netted windows, he heard low voices, and paused.

" . . . can't go on much longer." It was Hawkins' voice.

Anne replied. " What do you expect me to do ? "

" I don't expect you to do anything, sweet girl." Hawkins again. " There is nothing that can be done. It 's just a filthy muck-up. But you must realise it can't go on very much longer. Flesh and blood simply won't stand it. I shall have to put an end to the whole matter."

They were out of that grass in less than three minutes. M'Kama carrying the unconscious Hawkins, the Commissioner following with two rifles and a bow

"How?"

"By going away. It's the only answer."

The Commissioner leaned against the wall to listen the better. He was not annoyed by his discovery: to the contrary, indeed, he felt more than a little pleasure in the incident. Like all men, he was not unflattered to find another in love with his wife. And it was something new. Head bent, he eavesdropped without conscience.

"You have finally decided to leave me, then?"

"I must, Anne. What else is there to be done? Even soaking up drink at the rate he does, he's good for another ten years. Can I wait ten years? Can I let myself be killed every night for ten years and keep it secret? Can I bear to look at you, or even to know that you exist, for another three thousand days, when you belong to another man? What else am I to do?"

"If I left him it would kill him. He is a conceited pig."

"I could not take you away, in any case. He has been too good to me. I should have it on my conscience all my life."

"They say that people who are truly in love have no conscience." Woman-like, she reacted to his doubts by veering in the opposite direction. "Perhaps you don't love me quite as much as you thought?"

"Not love you? Oh, God! Anne, if the moon itself came down out of the sky to testify that I do not love you, it would be mockery. If the very stars——"

"Shush, shush! He will hear you!"

The Commissioner was already moving away. He did not want to be caught listening-in ; as it was, the Indian storekeeper had been watching him inquisitively, and the Commissioner had tied his shoelaces twice. He returned slowly to his seat before the jungle-clad hills.

So now he knew the full extent of their position : or rather, had confirmed the obvious. Now he knew what a pretty turn of phrase Hawkins had when he got worked up to it. And now he knew that his wife thought Lieut.-Colonel Harry Nevans, V.C., Croix de Guerre, D.S.O., M.C., etc., a conceited pig. Like the aristocrat she was, she could put nine titles into just two well-chosen words. Conceited pig.

He was not annoyed. It had all been too obvious for too long a time : if, on turning a page, one expects certain words to be written there, the reading of them evokes little emotion. But it was all very interesting. He was so engrossed with his thoughts that he even forgot to take the little nip of Irish he had promised himself before tea ; and woke with a start as Anne called him to table.

" Are you ready for tea, Harry ? "

" Eh ? Oh, yes, ready, m'dear, ready." He got to his feet and went to eat.

It was a silent meal. But their meals together often were silent. They had had less and less to say to each other during the past few years. Everything seemed to have been talked about. Now, however, he noticed the silence less than usually, intent upon his own thoughts. He studied her face covertly, deriving some little secret amusement from what he knew that she did not know he knew.

Should he make a showdown of it ? Call them together and have it all out ? Or keep mum, and just make preparations for the fact that a good assistant was going to hand in his resignation shortly ? He toyed with both propositions, knowing all the time, however, that only one was really possible. If he provoked her, Anne would probably leave : and that would, as she had said, be the end. Never be able to hold his head up in this country again. Would have to resign, chuck everything. Then where ? Would the Army have a man of his age and constitution back again ? Yes, perhaps, to sit on staff somewhere in dirty drab Whitehall. And every club in England and Africa would ring with it. " Hear about old Nevans ? Wife did a bunk. Of course, he drinks like a fish ; and in that climate it makes you (mutter, mutter). Probably—no, old man, of course, no children. Feel sorry for the old feller. But the other chap was so much younger, and as I was saying, probably——"

The Commissioner's mouth hardened a little beneath his clipped military moustache as he thought of the smut, getting a little smuttier every hour as the time drew near for the bar to close, finally dropping the " probably." That was the alternative to young Hawkins' going away.

A sudden scampering of feet at the side surprised him. He rose majestically as a naked black, his face pallid with terror, rushed up the veranda steps.

" How dare you ! "

" Simba, Bwana, simba ! " The man shot out a stream of chattering Swahili.

" Simba be dashed ! I said how dare you ! How dare you burst into my house in that undressed condition ? Abdul ! "

Abdul appeared.

" Put this person off my balcony."

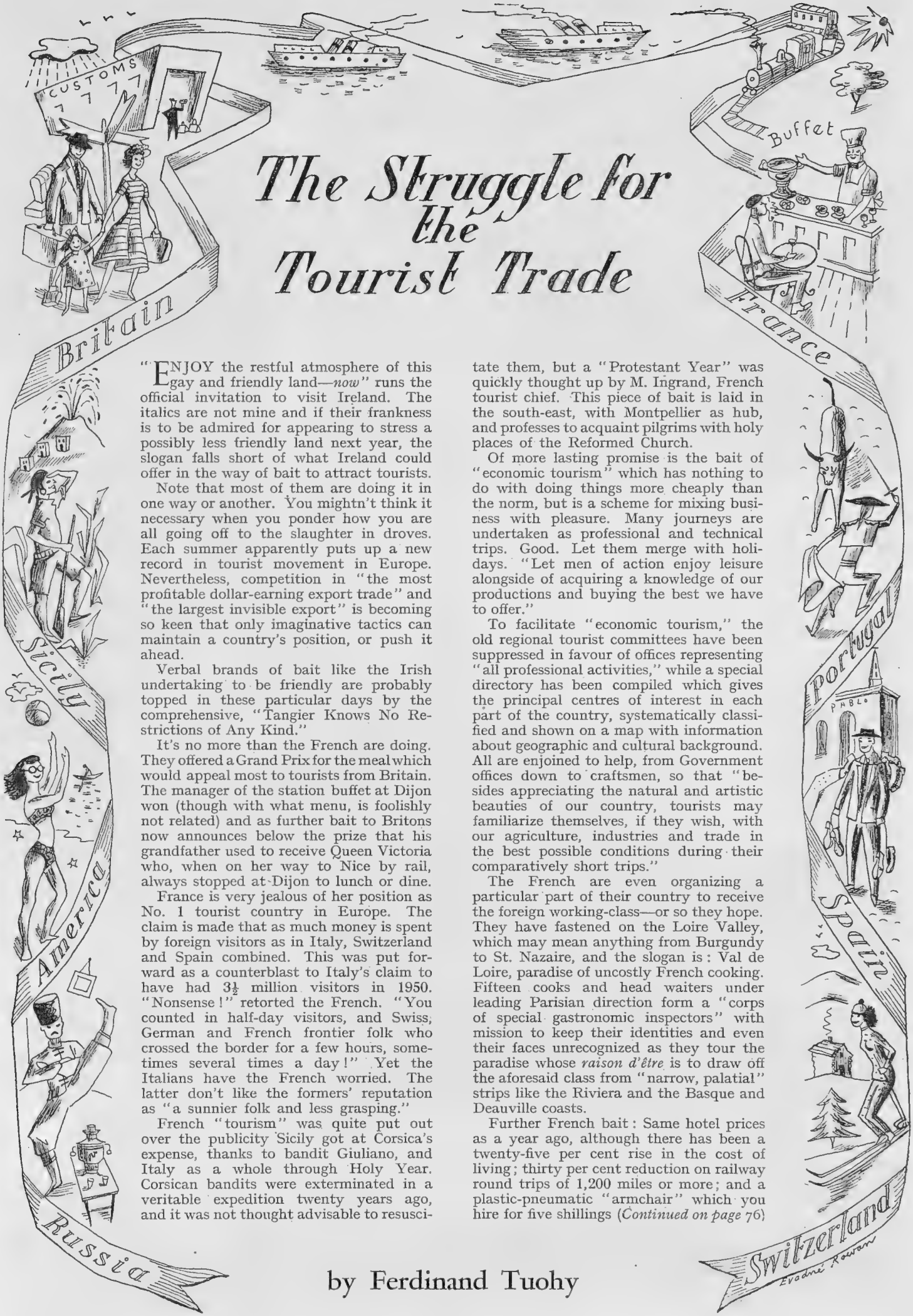
" Simba, Bwana, simba ! "—in a scream.

" And fetch my Springfield."

Abdul attempted to execute the commands, but he had his hands full with the first, because the naked messenger did not want to leave the safety of the house he could see before him on any account ; and unless the Commissioner chose to put his own hands on the man, it appeared that he would have to fetch his rifle for himself ; and he did not know where it was. Disdaining to enter the struggle going on around his table, he left it, and strode across the balcony to have a look at this lion.

No wonder that the native had been frightened. Magnificently, his lip curled in a silent snarl, (*Continued on page 70*)

. . . . as responsive as the chair she sat in. He shrugged, and took his rifle and revolver into another room



The Struggle for the Tourist Trade

"ENJOY the restful atmosphere of this gay and friendly land—*now*" runs the official invitation to visit Ireland. The italics are not mine and if their frankness is to be admired for appearing to stress a possibly less friendly land next year, the slogan falls short of what Ireland could offer in the way of bait to attract tourists.

Note that most of them are doing it in one way or another. You mightn't think it necessary when you ponder how you are all going off to the slaughter in droves. Each summer apparently puts up a new record in tourist movement in Europe. Nevertheless, competition in "the most profitable dollar-earning export trade" and "the largest invisible export" is becoming so keen that only imaginative tactics can maintain a country's position, or push it ahead.

Verbal brands of bait like the Irish undertaking to be friendly are probably topped in these particular days by the comprehensive, "Tangier Knows No Restrictions of Any Kind."

It's no more than the French are doing. They offered a Grand Prix for the meal which would appeal most to tourists from Britain. The manager of the station buffet at Dijon won (though with what menu, is foolishly not related) and as further bait to Britons now announces below the prize that his grandfather used to receive Queen Victoria who, when on her way to Nice by rail, always stopped at Dijon to lunch or dine.

France is very jealous of her position as No. 1 tourist country in Europe. The claim is made that as much money is spent by foreign visitors as in Italy, Switzerland and Spain combined. This was put forward as a counterblast to Italy's claim to have had 3½ million visitors in 1950. "Nonsense!" retorted the French. "You counted in half-day visitors, and Swiss, German and French frontier folk who crossed the border for a few hours, sometimes several times a day!" Yet the Italians have the French worried. The latter don't like the formers' reputation as "a sunnier folk and less grasping."

French "tourism" was quite put out over the publicity Sicily got at Corsica's expense, thanks to bandit Giuliano, and Italy as a whole through Holy Year. Corsican bandits were exterminated in a veritable expedition twenty years ago, and it was not thought advisable to resuscitate them, but a "Protestant Year" was quickly thought up by M. Ingrand, French tourist chief. This piece of bait is laid in the south-east, with Montpellier as hub, and professes to acquaint pilgrims with holy places of the Reformed Church.

Of more lasting promise is the bait of "economic tourism" which has nothing to do with doing things more cheaply than the norm, but is a scheme for mixing business with pleasure. Many journeys are undertaken as professional and technical trips. Good. Let them merge with holidays. "Let men of action enjoy leisure alongside of acquiring a knowledge of our productions and buying the best we have to offer."

To facilitate "economic tourism," the old regional tourist committees have been suppressed in favour of offices representing "all professional activities," while a special directory has been compiled which gives the principal centres of interest in each part of the country, systematically classified and shown on a map with information about geographic and cultural background. All are enjoined to help, from Government offices down to craftsmen, so that "besides appreciating the natural and artistic beauties of our country, tourists may familiarize themselves, if they wish, with our agriculture, industries and trade in the best possible conditions during their comparatively short trips."

The French are even organizing a particular part of their country to receive the foreign working-class—or so they hope. They have fastened on the Loire Valley, which may mean anything from Burgundy to St. Nazaire, and the slogan is: Val de Loire, paradise of uncostly French cooking. Fifteen cooks and head waiters under leading Parisian direction form a "corps of special gastronomic inspectors" with mission to keep their identities and even their faces unrecognized as they tour the paradise whose *raison d'être* is to draw off the aforesaid class from "narrow, palatial" strips like the Riviera and the Basque and Deauville coasts.

Further French bait: Same hotel prices as a year ago, although there has been a twenty-five per cent rise in the cost of living; thirty per cent reduction on railway round trips of 1,200 miles or more; and a plastic-pneumatic "armchair" which you hire for five shillings (*Continued on page 76*)

by Ferdinand Tuohy

Is The Seaside Doomed?

"I DO like to be beside the seaside I do like to be beside the sea. . . ."

Those who have visited the South Bank exhibition may have heard the broadcasted music of this jingling old favourite just at the very moment when they happened to be looking at one of the most attractive exhibits—a large model (about twenty-five yards long) of a typical English seafront.

There it is, rising from the beach, with its jagged skyline, its multi-coloured boarding-houses, its suggestion of Madeira Drive at Brighton, its pubs and hotels, all so English a sight that you can almost sense the breath of winkle-stalls and seaweed.

Yet planted here, in the excessively modern atmosphere of South Bank, this model strikes many as having an archaic flavour, as something that is already yesterday's, and is presented here as a museum piece.

And at a hundred and one authentic seaside resorts all over Great Britain this summer they are putting this doubt into the question: is the English watering place, as it now exists, doomed?

That, with London as a great rival, most seaside resorts should have a bad season in 1951 was only to be expected. But the illness is deeper than this and is a chapter in itself of the sociological history of the past thirty years.

The story really starts nearer 130 years ago, in the days when a "watering place" implied Tunbridge Wells or Bath. Then came the suggestion that immersing the body in sea-water was beneficial to health. Many doubted it—as they did in the south of France as late as the twenties. But the fashion caught on, especially at the village of Brighthelmston, where the Prince Regent was building his fantastic pavilion.

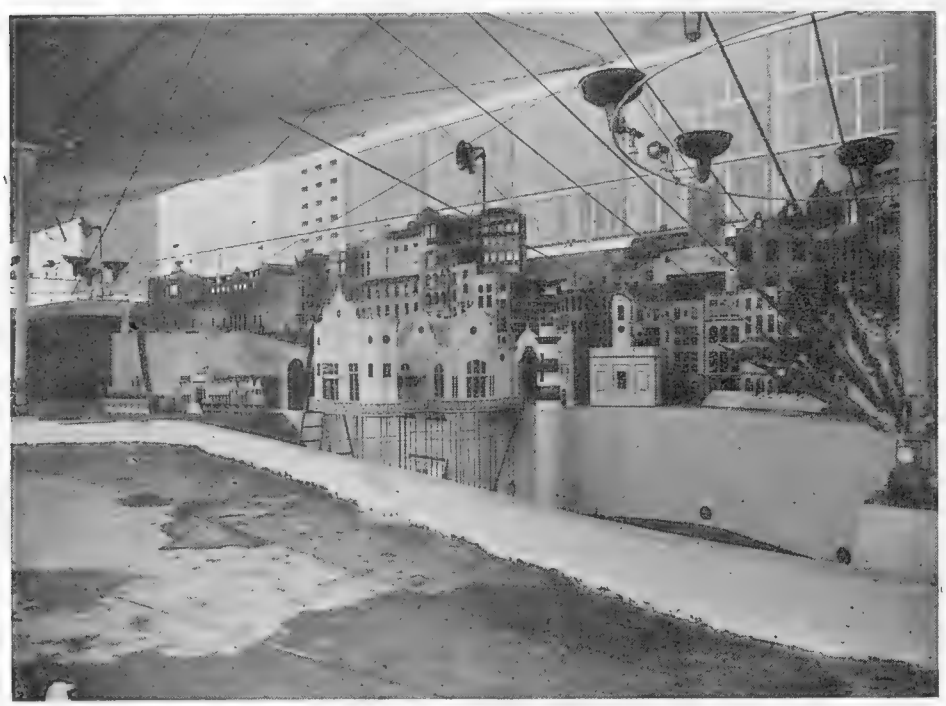
No one would have believed then that such resorts as Tunbridge Wells were doomed as "watering places" and that their springs would ever gush unheeded. Or that in fifty years or so the coast of England would be dotted with quite a new type of resort, each one fitted with a "pier," so that the islanders could get on as intimate terms as possible with the briney. Margate, Weymouth, Scarborough, Eastbourne, Worthing, and many others came to join Brighton in the Victorian age.

And for well over half a century, indeed, until the eve of 1914, the scene never changed.

There was the beach, not always of sand, but of rough shingle, down which cluttered heavy bathing "machines," drawn by horses to the appropriate depth; there were the rough-mannered bathing attendants in the tradition of Martha Gunn, and Smoaker Miles (who used to bathe the Prince Regent—what a sight!) and the clumsy costumes for the bathers, with separate strips of the beach for lady swimmers; there was the promenade, with its wheel-chairs for elderly invalids, and below it the pierrot troupes and Punch and Judy shows. At one end of the promenade stood a round pavilion where (in the words of that song) the band "played om, tiddley-om, pom-pom."

It was a standardized picture and those who remember the staging of Noël Coward's *Cavalcade* at Drury Lane twenty years ago will have an accurate record of what it all looked like up to the outbreak of the first World War.

The scene was really not much changed after the Armistice. Things looked the



The seafront model familiar to visitors to the South Bank

At the end of the last century, Southsea (left) had scarcely awakened to the seaside holiday industry. Brighton's waterfront (above), is a favourite choice of London day trippers

At Holiday Resorts All Over Great Britain This Summer They Are Putting This Doubt In Question: Is The English Seaside Holiday Resort, As It Now Exists, Doomed?

by

Gordon Beckles

same on the surface. But already the seeds of change were being sown.

A former Oxford garage proprietor called Morris was, among others, planning the cheap motor car. Within a decade hundreds of thousands of modest-priced cars were altering the holiday map of England.

Families were taking their holidays exploring the Chilterns, the Welsh mountains and Yorkshire dales instead of following the tram-line routine that led from a city railway station to Saltbrine-on-Sea, where they were confined between the limits of the pier end ("What the Butler Saw" and the Pink Pierrots) and the "Villa Aspidestra" (Full Board and Lodging).

The boarding-houses were the first ones to be hit. And the cry went up for the first time: is the day of the seaside resort over?

Worse was to come. The depression brought not only its own shortage of money, but also a glut of passenger shipping, which resulted in an extension of cruise holidays, some of them as cheap as £1 a day! What fun, said tens of thousands, to be able to visit Casablanca and "foreign parts" for so little when it cost at least fifteen shillings a day at Saltbrine-on-Sea! And both drinks and cigarettes were so much cheaper.

Yet it would be wrong to say that there was a widespread depression in the old-fashioned seaside places.

Many turned up their noses at these new "holiday camps" which were being started by a Mr. Butlin. They stifled "individualism," they said; they would never "catch on with the English."

Then the second of the wars came and the majority of the seaside places did indeed suffer. For five years they were kept away from their land-mined beaches by barbed wire, pill-boxes, Boeing-gun emplacements and all the paraphernalia of coastal defence.

Back came peace again and hopes that prosperity would return swiftly.

It returned most swiftly to great numbers of "holiday camps," which, from being military encampments, were converted (or in some cases re-converted) for the new type of visitor who had had five years of being regimented and did not mind at all having everything planned for him.

The conventional seaside places blasted away their defences, combed their beaches and got out their paint pots. But things were not quite the same. During the interval, and in defiance of the agreement on "controversial legislation" between the political parties, there had come into force the Catering Wages Act. This clumsy and ill-planned measure lumped together all manner of catering workers, from housemaids in back-street boarding houses to fried-fish attendants and French chefs in luxury hotels.

The post-war boom never came to the English seaside, although in all this I must except Blackpool, which owing to the habit of "wakes" (when whole towns go on holiday for a week) stands in a class by itself.

Despite currency restrictions, people preferred to holiday and eat on the other side (*Continued on page* 58)

Blackpool stands in a class by itself

HAVE FAKES A FUTURE?

Recently discovered art forgeries have set connoisseurs debating the qualities which mark a work of genius

By

Guy Livingston

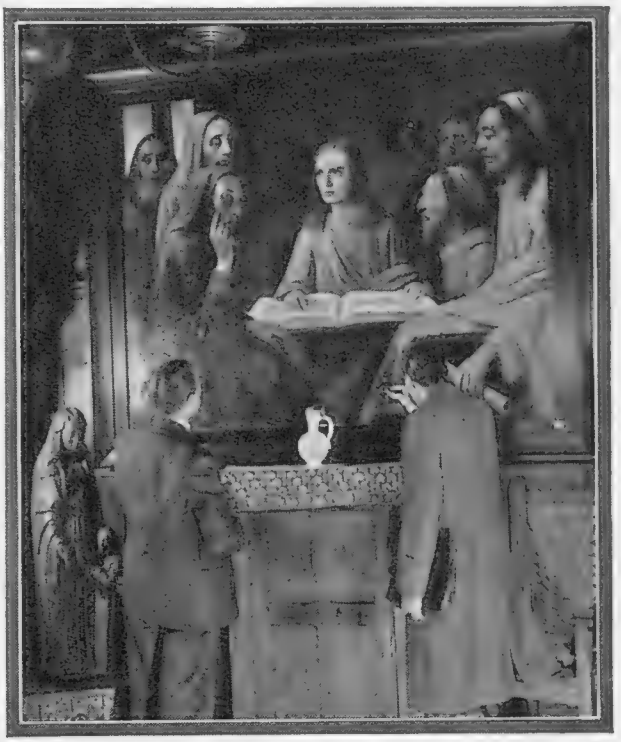
Chief Inspector Clot of the French Police, who was in charge of the art forgeries case, in his office with a faked Utrillo and a faked Maillol bronze on his desk

IN Paris recently two men were charged with selling faked paintings bearing the signatures of the well-known French artists Maurice Utrillo and Maurice Vlaminck. The case might not have aroused much interest but for the fact that Vlaminck, called as a witness, was alleged to have said that he could not tell his own paintings from forgeries—a startling admission which, if at all general in application, appears to give clever art fakers the green light to go ahead with comfortable impunity.

According to a newspaper report Vlaminck was asked in court to examine pictures seized by the police and to pronounce whether or not he had painted them. After studying them closely for some time he confessed to the magistrate—so it was said—that he could not answer this question, remarking that "the origin of a happily-inspired and adroitly executed painting is extremely difficult to establish, even by the person who is supposed to be the creator."

M. Vlaminck then told the court—so ran the newspaper account—of an experience of his own. When he was very young (he is now seventy-six) he had copied a canvas of Cézanne's and showed it to him. Cézanne had immediately recognized the painting as one of his own, and was greatly surprised and somewhat upset to find that the picture was a copy.

Speaking of signatures on a painting, M. Vlaminck was alleged to have said that they were often more important than the picture itself. And he told how at a dinner-party he had once been invited by a charming young woman, whose husband was an amateur painter, to initial some of her husband's works.



The final work of the forger's career, the "Jesus Among The Doctors" with which van Meegeren proved he was capable of painting "Vermeers"

A corner of the studio where van Meegeren worked up to the last. His "genuine" paintings hang on the walls and stand on the floor

These candid observations on fakes and faking, reputedly coming from a noted painter, added up to a minor artistic sensation. Featured in the European edition of an American daily under the heading "Vlaminck Asserts He Can't Tell His Paintings From Forgeries," they provided entertaining front-page reading. But the story proved too good to be true, for prominent in the same paper a few days later appeared a letter from Vlaminck in which he forcibly denied the whole account.

The pictures whose authenticity he had been unable to confirm or deny were, he said, photographic reproductions and not originals; where originals were concerned, he professed to find no difficulty in weeding out fakes from his own works. The Cézanne story he repudiated completely; and he flatly contradicted the remarks attributed to him about the importance of the artist's signature, which, he now emphasized, was trivial compared with a (*Continued on page* 66)

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE

by GEORGE GODWIN

The Tragedy Of A Man Ground Between The Millstones Of Circumstance And The Divine Will

"WHEN I looked round she had gone"

HE lay back in the great French bed and expelled a plume of blue smoke. He was a big man in the late forties.

The first cigarette of the day.

Delicious!

He had slept dreamlessly, awaking without effort at the clink of the breakfast tray set down on the bedside table.

The fragrance of coffee quickened his senses. His eyes were gladdened by the bright morning sunshine; by the framed patch of sky, cobalt blue. He felt rested and restored.

He reminded himself that the day lay before him unmortgaged, and a sense of riches in time came into him.

For more than twenty years he had been saying to himself that leisure is the only prize worth working for. Now this prize was his. He had nothing to do, and all day in which to do it.

But long habit is not put off like a cloak; and the habit of work is strong. For some days now he had been conscious that leisure, as idleness, has few lasting charms, but is like a pretty, silly woman; that the hours of the day, each one, must be furnished with thought or action.

Presently, he promised himself, he would find a new interest.

HE had come to La Ciotat by chance. The resorts of the Riviera, pleasant before the war, were now, he had been assured, given over to the vulgar extravagances of the moneyed scum of a war-disrupted Europe. He had no mind to mix with them.

La Ciotat had pleased him from the moment the Marseilles motor-bus set him down by the old harbour.

He gazed about him: at the shops and cafés that curved about the rough pavé of a waterfront cluttered with bales, crates and the gear of fishermen.

The town itself rose steeply. He saw, as a ragged regiment, its tall and narrow houses, white and pink, its strait, dark streets. And it enchanted him. . . .

Later, he had seen the old port across the shallow arc of the blue bay, from the new, but unpretentious plage.

It was early evening, when the half light lends illusions. For a moment he had the vivid impression of a town of Greek antiquity. And when a small craft moved like a beetle from the harbour to the milky sea, it became for him a trireme propelled by the banked oars of chained slave rowers.

Now, after nearly three weeks, Alan Rowlandson had begun to question the wisdom of a career that had involved him in more than twenty years of toil, and so had stolen away the best years of his life.

In no other profession, save, perhaps, art, must a man toil for success so unremittingly as at the Bar. Glittering prizes are to be won, but by the fortunate few only: for the many the Temple too often becomes Hope's graveyard.

Rowlandson possessed the qualities essential for success as an advocate. He was handsome in a slightly theatrical style. His voice was of a fine timbre, his elocution faultless. He had the capacity for sustained hard work. His memory was exceedingly retentive.

Of course, a man may have all these desirable professional assets and yet fail to attract briefs. The Bar is the most chancey of all professions; and in no other branch of life do so many good men go down to failure through no discoverable fault of their own.

Rowlandson was not a deeply learned lawyer. He had built up a large Common

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STEVEN SPURRIER

Law practice that in the end had become big enough to tax his considerable strength. And two years ago, as a measure of self-protection, he had taken silk—become a King's Counsel.

But a K.C. is a litigant's luxury. His fees are high. He appears in court only with a junior, and that junior entitled to a fee two-thirds of his own.

He had the reputation of an advocate very successful with criminal cases. For this reason, from time to time, he was briefed in sensational murder trials, appearing as a special at the Old Bailey.

Such briefs yielded only modest fees; but the *réclame* of success was resounding. An element of vanity, perhaps, came into this. Rowlandson disliked criminal cases: but he enjoyed the publicity they brought him. This he knew to be contemptible, for he was a man of sensibility.

A surgeon cannot pause to consider what later pain may ensue upon his work. To do that would be to inhibit free action. He knows what must be done, and does it: his emotions, as sympathy, compassion, are not engaged.

Defending counsel, in like case, must sustain an objective attitude; for he who feels intensely cannot think with clarity, or see an issue in true perspective.

Rowlandson had never entirely succeeded in achieving this necessary detachment. He was apt to become emotionally involved. The sense of tragedy oppressed him. He would recall Goethe's frank admission—that he had heard of no crime that he felt himself incapable of committing.

Strangely enough, despite this defect of temperament, Rowlandson did very well at the Old Bailey. He sometimes secured verdicts that did more credit to the hearts of the jury than to their heads.

When he had been offered the brief for the defence of James Blandy he had hesitated. After much thought he had accepted it.

It was to be the last brief he was ever to hold.

THE Law, in its wisdom, lays it down that no charge of murder can be sustained without the production of the *corpus delicti*, or some part of it clearly identifiable.

To this rule, one exception is admitted, namely, murder upon the high seas.

It was with this crime that James Blandy was charged. . . .

Life aboard a large passenger liner provides many opportunities for dalliance, for boredom, even. There is propinquity, enforced idleness, abundant food, exhilarating air. So people are apt to behave aboard ship as they would never behave ashore. Like the proverbial Englishman in Paris, they proclaim a moral moratorium.

And affairs are not always confined to passengers, for they sometimes involve members of the crew, stewards, people on the purser's staff.

Blandy was a ship's writer, that is, a clerk. He was young and very good-looking in a fleshy way. He was vain, and a coxcomb. He boasted of his conquests. He had had affairs with women of title, with film stars and celebrated actresses.

Much experience had made him adroit; much success had rendered him vain. He knew how to snare youthful trustfulness; how to fool faded and moneyed middle-age.

A gross sensualist, he was incapable of genuine affection, though apt in its simulation. All that said, you have the portrait of a philanderer, but not that of an assassin.

WHEN Rowlandson had read his brief he decided to see his client. He telephoned the solicitor instructing him, and together they went by car to the prison.

Pentonville is a drab and depressing pile that seems through the years to have absorbed into its dirt-grimed fabric something of the spiritual ugliness, of the sins and the sufferings of generations of a transient population. Men passed through this grim gateway to freedom, or only to go into other prisons. For some, the condemned, it was an anonymous grave.

The strain of his impending trial had already changed Blandy considerably.

Rowlandson had expected to find a

"WHAT'LL you drink?" he asked

florid Lothario. He saw a man already marked by prison pallor, a man whose self-confidence had gone: a palpably frightened man.

But was this a guilty man?

That was the point.

Rowlandson was, of course, already familiar with the firm outline of the case from the newspaper reports of the proceedings before the stipendiary magistrate.

He knew that the element of sexual jealousy suggested, of the incriminating note making the assignment that had ended in death, perhaps, in murder. His brief had merely told him what he already knew.

Carey Dicey had joined the ship as a first-class passenger at Buenos Aires. She was returning home after making a a picture. And Blandy had quickly got on to terms of intimacy with her.

"That part's true enough," he admitted. "I used to go to her cabin. I did so every night after the first week. I used to go to her around midnight, after the watchman had patrolled. I got back to my quarters generally around two to half past."

It is not easy for a man to bear himself with dignity in a prison cell, dressed in prison clothes, for he is the victim of a cruelty that robs him of his dignity.

Blandy was acutely aware of the mean figure he made before these two well-dressed and prosperous-looking men. And as he was habitually meticulous about his appearance and dress, his humiliation was profound.

He told himself that these keen-looking lawyers were there on his behalf; that they were the generals in charge of the battle for his life.

He had often heard fellows say: "If you're ever in a spot, don't hold out on your mouthpiece." He had determined not to do that, but to be frank, to tell everything, as one does priest or physician.

"Yes?"

"Then, sir, one night—the night before her death—I couldn't sleep. I lay in my bunk thinking about her. Usually when I've had success with a woman I never give her a second thought. You know, sir, I've had a good many affairs in my time. They're so easy aboard ship. You don't know. You'd be surprised. The last ones you'd think of." He paused, embarrassed. "But this was different, sir. Before, it had been—well, you know what I mean. But that night I realized I was in love. It seemed sort of silly. But I know it was the real thing. You see, even now—here—I still think of her."

Rowlandson had seen Carey Dicey in some of her pictures. She was not beautiful in the synthetic Hollywood style. She was small and exquisitely made. Her great eyes seemed too large for the petite features of her face, the cheekbones of which were somewhat too prominent. She was slender to thinness, and she looked to (*Continued on page 56*)

Portrait of a Country Town

by Garth Christian

School Hill, Lewes, Sussex. In 1822 William Cobbett found the town "a model of solidity and neatness . . . the people well dressed and the girls remarkably pretty. . . ." Are these lovely buildings to be overwhelmed by suburban villas and "accommodation units"?

WE are warned that the quantity of traffic on our roads will treble within the next twenty years. The prophecy makes one shudder for the future of Lewes High Street. Already there is such a rattling and clattering and squeaking of cars crowding into this narrow and most handsome of streets that it is hard not to curse the invention of the internal combustion engine.

It has been suggested that a new road be built to carry traffic around the outskirts of the town. This idea does not please the local tradesmen who foresee visitors driving on to Brighton. Perhaps that explains—if it does not excuse—the Terrible Young Man in the Lewes restaurant, who said: "It's this new-fangled craze for the old that's the trouble. If only they'd knock down a few buildings in the High Street and widen the road."

Demolish what buildings? Take your choice. The Terrible Young Man said he'd begin with the fifteenth-century bookshop and cobblers at the corner, and the stately Georgian houses around it. Then he would tackle Barbican House, handsome Elizabethan home of the Sussex Archaeological Society, and a most impressive museum. That ancient Town Hall, he said, was a bit of a nuisance and then there was the famous old inn—the White Hart—opposite, with at least one wall built by Tudor craftsmen. There is the Bull Inn where Thomas Paine wrote *Rights of Man* and a host of other—not less beautiful—buildings.

All these could be demolished if you really think that nothing in the world matters more than for cars to sweep down the High Street at twenty-two miles an hour instead of at only twelve.

That was the firm view of the Terrible Young Man. The clichés dripped from his lips as from the mouth of a politician. He left no stone unturned and no avenue unexplored in his efforts to prove that We Must Have Progress, that This Is An Age Of Speed where five minutes matter more than gold ("What are you going to do with the five minutes?" asked a Chinese Ambassador.)

Anyway, concluded the T.Y.M., New Buildings Need Not Look New. They can all be made to Fit In With Their Surroundings. You can always have Old Oak Beams—these, too, are as precious as gold—even in a new house. Oh Georgian Group, Oh Society For the Protection of Ancient Buildings, Oh God!

Unfortunately, there is a precedent for the destruction of interesting old buildings. Some four hundred years ago when a British Government nationalised the monasteries, the Priory of Lewes was granted to Thomas Cromwell, who used it as a quarry. He (*Continued on page 72*)

Thomas Paine, celebrated author of *Rights of Man*, lived at this house (*left*) in Lewes High Street. (*Above*) Keere Hill at Lewes. Was there ever a town where so much of historical and architectural interest was clustered in so small—and so steep—an area?

SHE LOVED A REBEL DUKE

The Story of Henrietta Wentworth's selfless devotion for the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth.

IF any woman ever gave all for love, it was the golden-haired Henrietta Wentworth, who came to Charles II.'s Court from her parents' country home, Toddington, as a lovely girl of fourteen. Fate sealed her future when, as Jupiter, she took part in a masque, *Calisto*, and the handsome James, Duke of Monmouth—the King's natural son by Lucy Walters—danced in it as an Arcadian shepherd in silver doublet and cerise satin breeches. "He is a god!" murmured the smitten girl.

She was but nineteen when she met him again at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church. She had a marriage dowry of £20,000; my Lords Bruce, Feversham and Shrewsbury were among her noble suitors, but she had no wish to marry, for Monmouth had captured her heart and he was already married—to Anne, the rich heiress of the Duke of Buccleuch. And what happiness had he in a marriage arranged for him when he was a mere youth of sixteen? Had Anne feared for him as she had while he was in Scotland putting down the rebellion? Were Anne's tears as bitter as hers when she heard that he was finding consolation with mistress Eleanor Needham?

Secretly he would steal to Henrietta's home in Lincoln's Inn Fields and, a veritable Romeo, climb to her balcony for enchanted dalliance in the scented London night. Sometimes they would discuss the future—what would happen when the King died. Who, then, the new ruler—his uncle James, Duke of York, or he, James, Duke of Monmouth, once his birth had been legitimised on the grounds that his father had secretly married Lucy Walters during his exile in Holland? Embracing her passionately, he called her "My wife in the eyes of God!" The night, the secrecy, the consciousness that her lover might one day be King—how could they fail to turn the head as well as the heart of the girl he now also called his beloved Harry?

At other times when they had no need to meet under the cloak of darkness she would play the harpsichord and sing to him a song of Mrs. Aphra Behns' composed in his honour:

> Young Jemmy was a lad
> Of royal birth and breeding,
> With every beauty clad
> And every grace exceeding . . .

But the King's brother, York, liked neither the beauty nor grace and curled the lip at the Royal birth and breeding. Fomenting the King's dislike of Monmouth's friends, he helped to get his upstart nephew deprived of his command and banished to live abroad. When Harry was told of the Royal decree she cried: "I will go with you!" He stayed the night with her, begged her to bide for the time being in patience, and the following evening, from the Essex Water Gate, she watched the Royal barge carry him off down the river to exile, with the people around her crying "Monmouth! God bless ye, God bless ye!" and street-boys selling a ballad mourning his banishment.

A year and more of loneliness and waiting. . . . Then Harry, in a cold, fireless room where her mother had confined her, sat reading another ballad celebrating the "Joyful News" of her lover's return, which had been smuggled in to her. Lady Wentworth, concerned for her welfare, again urged her to marry.

"It is time, daughter," she pleaded. "You have many noble suitors who would make you happy."

"If I cannot marry the man I love," Harry replied, "I will marry no other."

Secretly she sent a letter to Monmouth's lodgings by a servant. He hurried to her house and told Lady Wentworth: "I love your daughter dearly. Nothing shall separate us!"

When she took Harry off to Toddington he followed post-haste and by his persistency wore down her opposition. Harry and he shared an idyllic reunion, sitting together under a favourite oak tree in the park. Later she visited him at his Soho house and met his friends. But for her the course of love was to be no sparkling, sunlit stream; it was to take her into shadows haunted by a rebel on the run, for Monmouth and his friends were suspect, and after the Rye House Plot he was a fugitive hiding in the

Secretly he would steal to Henrietta's home and, a veritable Romeo, climb to her balcony for enchanted dalliance in the scented London night.

From the Essex Water Gate, she watched the Royal barge carry him off down the river to exile, with the people around her crying, "Monmouth! God bless ye, God bless ye!"

Monmouth came into the room and saw his fair Harry, in primrose brocade gown, weeping at the feet of Mary.

houses of friends, escaping over the roof when the King's guards came searching.

On a day of high summer he slipped into Toddington disguised as a countryman and stayed there till dank autumn leaves whirled along the avenues. When Harry and her mother had to visit Stepney Manor, another family home, Monmouth, with a price on his head, rode one of the six coach-horses as a canary-coated postilion, then attended them as groom. Near King's Cross Gate they were held up by none other than the King's coach with Charles aboard and his brother, York, gone off with one of the horses to have it reshod!

Recognising Lady Wentworth, Charles spoke to her—stared hard at the postilion—then pointed to a proclamation nailed to a tree offering £500 for the apprehension of the Duke of Monmouth. "You had better hurry on before my brother returns with the horse," he said with a wry smile. The postilion smiled back in gratitude and lost no time in whipping up the team. That chance meeting proved to be a happy augury, for shortly afterwards Monmouth, at Stepney, learned that he was in favour again and could return safely to Court.

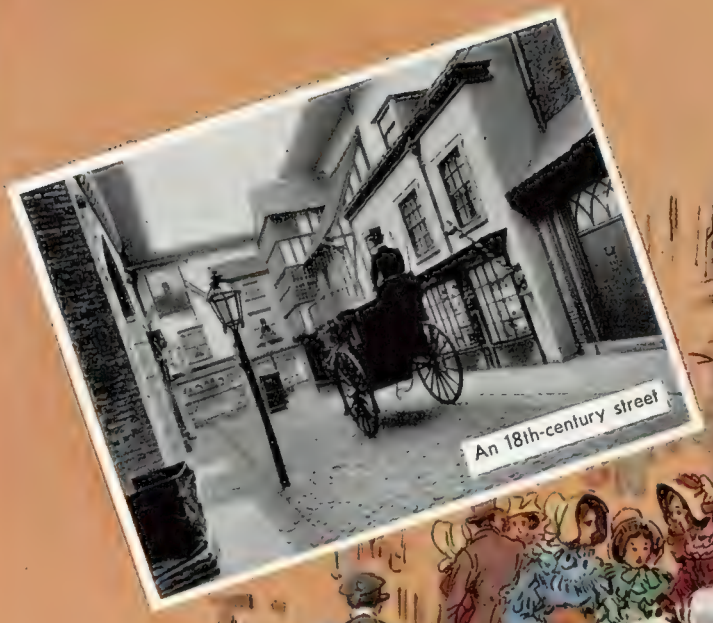
Soon, however, the backwash of the Plot and York's hostility drove him across the Channel again, and this time Harry, free at last to follow the dictates of her heart, joined him in Brussels, accompanied him to Holland and shared his long exile. How peaceful those long days at the old palace in the woods near Utrecht! How placid that later journey when they glided by horse-drawn canal barge to Bruges, Ghent, then by wagon back to Brussels! Now she was not only his "wife in the eyes of God," but virtually in the eyes of the world, too. No man could wish a more faithful consort.

But when Charles II. died and York succeeded him as James II., she knew that Monmouth would never rest until he had driven his uncle from the throne. William, Prince of Orange, was even prompting his wife Mary to exert her influence, as Monmouth's cousin, to persuade him to launch on the madcap adventure, which would assuredly cost him his head, leaving the way clear for them. Mary, who had once loved Monmouth herself, met him one day in the woods near the palace at Loo and so used her charms to revive the old romance that he vowed he loved her still and kissed her.

Their growing friendship, and the motive behind it, was not lost on Harry, who sought an audience with her. "I beseech you," she pleaded, "to dissuade him from going to England on this perilous mission, which can only cost him his life. I know you love him. Then take his love—take him! Better his head on your breast than on the block!"

During the interview Monmouth came into the room and saw his fair Harry, in primrose brocade gown, weeping at the feet of Mary, dark and regal in orange velvet. His (*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.



An 18th-century street

A confectioner's shop in Regency times

A Georgian interior

Shopping By Sedan

ROMANCE IN A CITY MUSEUM

TRANSATLANTIC visitors to Britain will see, reproduced as a poster displayed in most liners, at least one aspect of "Old" England that is calculated to arouse their curiosity. This is the series of old-time streets and shops, built to full scale, of authentic materials, and showing goods of their respective periods, expertly reconstructed in York's Castle Museum.

Here, in what must be the tiniest parish in England, and in a county that is no county, a grim relic of the eighteenth century has been transformed into a charming record of English social history. A pity that so dusty a word as "museum" has to be used of it. The truth is, no word has yet been coined to describe a re-creative triumph such as this. For this is no mere collection of prehistoric bones, flints, South Seas weapons and Congo gods, shabby and neglected, but a realistic interpretation of how the English lived, worked and went shopping centuries ago.

The setting of the Castle Museum is itself extraordinary. It stands in the No-Man's-Land where the three Ridings of Yorkshire meet. The present building has been converted (*Continued on page* 62)

by Philip Spring

The apothecary's shop

The wine merchant's shop

The Macbeth Dagger

A Short Story

by

Louis Golding

KATHRYN LENNIER had been in love with Dennis Wetherby a long time before she had met him in the flesh. But what young woman of our generation has not been in love with Dennis Wetherby? (I am speaking, of course, of Dennis Wetherby, the actor.)

One day they went to the same party and were introduced to each other. It was odd they had not met before, because Kathryn was an actress herself, and a fairly good one. But there it was. They met for the first time, and were introduced. At once Kathryn walked away, because she was trembling at the knees and blushing down to the collar-bones. She didn't want to make a fool of herself. But the odd thing was that Dennis was blushing and trembling, too. And heaven knows he had met enough pretty girls in his time.

Well, in two months they were married. It was one of those marriages that look as if they've been planned in heaven a long time ago. He was handsome, she was lovely. He was a great actor; she was not a great actress, but she was a charming person, and she had a lot of money. He had a flat in town, and she had "Lechlade," an enchanting house in the country. They got married in the thousand-year-old parish church a mile away from the house.

Their marriage was a joy to themselves and their friends. They spent most of their time in "Lechlade," when Dennis was not acting. As for Kathryn, she gave up the stage the moment they got married. Really, it was a little "much" to go on being an actress, when you were married to Dennis Wetherby. She remembered with horror the pallid tenacity of certain stage ladies in her situation.

By and large Kathryn was kept very busy. First there was Dennis, then there were the house and the grounds. And there were always people around the place, not only for the week-ends, but all week. All the year round, for that matter.

The guests were artists, usually actors in or out of a job, painters, poets, magicians. She always had a soft spot

"PUT them away!" she yelled raucously. "Do you hear me? Put them away!"

for artists. Besides, Dennis had to be away from her a good deal, what with his stage-plays, his work in the studios and his travels abroad on location.

She had a particularly soft spot for Jimmy Brennan, a painter, rather of the old-fashioned sort, but a pleasant fellow to have around the house. Jimmy had known Dennis for years, and was devoted to him. He became just as much devoted to Kathryn. He would do anything in the world for either of them; and for anyone else, for that matter. He was a poppet. That's what everybody called him. They often called him a poppet to his face and he didn't like that, really. It's one thing to be a poppet, and another to be called it to your face. To put no fine point on it, poor Jimmy was treated rather contemptuously by everybody, and above all, by Dennis, who treated (*Continued on page* 60)

Loch Ranza, Isle of Arran

Burnbank, High Corrie

The Sacred Isle

Arran Of The Grey Crags And Sandy Beaches

SEEN from Ayrshire, across the Firth of Clyde, Arran looms up mistily—a promise of rugged hills and green pastures, dark groves and white houses, the sacred Celtic island of honey-scented apples of eternal youth. So it was in the dim mythological past of early cromlechs, and, despite the excursion steamers that in the summer disgorge holiday crowds on the piers of Brodick, Whiting Bay and Loch Ranza, and the steady stream of round-the-island buses coursing along the coastal road, it still remains a haunting vision.

In the summer the air is warm and hazy, the hills look grey and distant, the sea splashes languidly on the dark, basaltic dykes of the beaches, and the trees wear a somnolent look of dusty cabbages. Flies and midges are out in millions on the moors and keep the deer confined to high ground. Thickets of enormous bracken growth, up to seven feet high, cover much of the lower slopes, though higher aloft they gradually yield to bent and heather, so that a climber earns (*Continued on page* 64)

By V. A. Firsoff

author of

"Arran with Camera and Sketchbook"

Fingal's Cauldron Seat

The Granite Mountains of Arran

LANAGHAN followed him, smiling discreetly. He understood the flash of irritation. The inspector had been forced to abandon a theory

THE WAITER'S CLUE

The Story Of A Left-handed Greek And A Light Grey Suit

by Michael Hastings

SERGEANT LANAGHAN aggrieved and loud in complaint: "It's against reason, sir. It's sorcery we're up against; or one of the hotel staff's lying."

Inspector Burke, remembering his sufferings in an overcrowded hotel in the peak of the holiday season, murmured: "I'd take sorcery with a pinch of salt; but I'm prepared to believe anything of a hotel staff." He added, with a dark glance at an open door: "Even murder."

Lanaghan had worked with the Inspector long enough to dare a very definite shake of the head. "Nothing to do with the staff, sir. One Greek murdered another. No motive for the staff; no motive for one of 'em to tell lies. . . ."

"I could bear to hear the story," said Burke. He looked again at the open door. A uniformed figure appeared, vanished again. There was the artificial lightning of a magnesium flare. "Before we go in there," said Burke.

Lanaghan knew how to cut a report to the bone. A few terse sentences.

"Victim's a Greek named Petrides, sir. Arrived by air mid-day from Paris. Bedroom and private sitting-room booked through an agency a week ago. Staying about ten days, they said, with the possibility of an extension."

"Business trip?" asked the inspector.

"Seems so, sir. There's a strongly-made suitcase in the bedroom which contains toilet samples. Been through the customs at the airport, so it doesn't look as though that has any bearing. Now Petrides rang the hotel from the airport, saying he'd calls to make and wouldn't be booking in until evening. If a M. Matessis called, would they ask him to wait."

"Matessis being your second Greek?"

"That's what the evidence suggests, sir. Petrides arrived here just before eight and went direct to the reception desk. He said that M. Matessis was with him, and so the clerk destroyed the note. A page took the luggage up in the lift, the two men walked." Here the sergeant paused. "An hour and a half later Petrides was dead. Matessis, presumably, vanished into thin air. There's convincing evidence he never left the hotel. . . ."

"Then he's hiding somewhere," said Burke.

Sergeant Lanaghan shook his head. "Not in the building, sir. I've been through it from attic to cellars with Ezra Borman. He's the manager."

"How many people testify that Matessis never walked out of the hotel?"

"Three say he didn't go out at the front. There's a back way, of course. Borman wasn't eager to show it to me. The hotel's cramped at the back. . . ."

"They often are. Veiled in secrecy. Just as well sometimes," the inspector murmured.

"This is clean enough, sir. But it's necessary to go through the kitchen. There was an increased staff to-night—a special dinner for some society. There were never fewer than four in the kitchen. The whole lot of 'em vow that nobody went through." The sergeant sounded resentful, as though the various witnesses were deliberately making things difficult.

"THE world can't stop because a man's killed—I've a maternity case"

"As for the murder weapon; a knife I presume. The message which reached me was that a man had been stabbed."

The sergeant nodded. "That's right, sir. Thin-bladed thing, sort of stiletto. I'd imagine the chair was tilted back and the thing plunged into Petrides's heart. Done quickly and efficiently." He sniffed. "Another sign that it was a Greek job." Lanaghan had an insular prejudice against all foreigners.

Burke asked: "What sort of a description have you been able to get of this Matessis?"

If possible, the sergeant's face registered greater disgust. "As vague as it could be," he explained. "A foreign-looking gentleman, dressed in a very light grey suit. Walked with a limp." Indignation made him speak faster. "And that's the lot. What help is it? If he's any sense he'll have packed the suit away by now. And the limp may not be genuine. I mean, if he came to the hotel with the fixed idea of murdering Petrides, he might have assumed a limp as a disguise."

"Possible," said Burke cautiously. "It doesn't seem that disguise is important in view of his vanishing trick." His eyes narrowed. "But how can people be so certain that he didn't leave? Nobody seems to have noticed the man in the first place."

"The suit was noticed," said Lanaghan. "The material was excellent and the light grey was distinctive. When you see Ezra Borman you'll notice he's a bit of a dandy. He fell for the suit. Had a back view of it as the two men went up the stairs. Fancied one like it and wondered if he could be so rude as to ask a question concerning the tailor." Lanaghan sniffed again. "Borman's a naturalized. All these foreigners are alike. Loud tastes." He reverted to his official self. "Owing to this special affair—the meeting of the society—Borman remained in the entrance hall. Out of a corner of his eye, he was watching for the grey suit to come down the stairs—or from the lift. He asked the receptionist, Miss Allen, to keep a watch also."

"Were the two men about the same size?"

"They were both described as average, sir."

"Then Matessis may have done a quick change. Dressed himself in one of his victim's suits and left. . . ."

The sergeant almost preened himself. "I thought of that, sir. The grey suit hasn't been left in either of the rooms, and I've had the staff searching the landings and cupboards."

Burke clung fondly to his theory. "It might have been wrapped in a parcel and carried out. Or put in a suitcase."

There was gloomy satisfaction in the sergeant's voice. "Petrides arrived with two cases, sir. They're both in the bedroom. As for anybody going out carrying a parcel. . . ." His voice became confidential. "They had a theft about a fortnight ago. Borman managed to hush it up, afraid of bad publicity; but he's taken very rigid steps to make sure it doesn't happen again. The staff have instructions to take special notice of anybody leaving with a parcel, or of anybody carrying a suitcase. Must make certain the person concerned is a resident."

Burke frowned. "The light's not very good on this landing," he said irritably. "Let's go into the room now."

Lanaghan followed him, smiling discreetly. He understood the flash of irritation. The inspector had been forced to abandon a theory.

INSIDE the room the police were going about their business as impersonally as undertakers. Finger-prints, pictures, measurements. The dead man was slumped in a chair, strangely remote from it all. As irrelevant as a waxwork figure at a feast.

Burke looked for a minute, then turned away. A grey-haired, grey-faced man in a green-grey suit was fastening a small bag.

"Not much of a problem for you this time, Doc," Burke said.

Nash was the divisional police surgeon. He had a rather loose-lipped smile. "About as obvious as it could be," he agreed. "Any questions?"

"It was instantaneous, I suppose?"

The doctor nodded his head. "Might have cried out, once.

"TERRIBLE, terrible. Not in ten years has anything like this happened"

"IT was an exceedingly busy evening, and I'd rather a lot on my mind"

Though it's probable a hand was clapped over his mouth. As for the time of death—I gather your evidence fixes it more exactly than I could say." He hesitated. "You'll not be wanting me for anything more? The world doesn't stop because a man's been killed. I've a maternity case. . . ."

"Run along to it," said Burke. "You'll let us have an official report?"

"For what it's worth," said Nash. He pulled down the brim of his hat, grabbed at the bag and moved with long, tired strides to the door.

Burke glanced at a plain-clothes man. "Much in the way of prints, Yates?"

"Not a great deal, sir. Four different sets. . . ."

"Four?"

"I'm checking the staff, sir, being a hotel. . . ."

"Quite, quite," said the inspector quickly. Making a poor start; thoughts wool-gathering. He blamed it on a headache which had been troubling him the last couple of hours. He suppressed a yawn and wondered how many hundreds of minutes his bed was distant. He tried to make his voice brisk. "They can bring in the stretcher, Lanaghan."

Morosely, he watched identity disappear beneath a white sheet. The bearers were too new to the job, or in too great a hurry. A blue-clad elbow projected and received a knock against the door. Burke felt the urge to call out: "Careful with him." Stopped himself just in time. It wasn't easy to realize that pain and feeling could suddenly stop. For a moment the blankness of complete extinction appalled him. He took a firmer grip on his nerves.

"Unlike Matessis, nobody could call him a dandy," he said to Lanaghan.

"Ready made suit," the sergeant replied. Prejudice made him add: "These foreigners are all alike. Either pansy themselves up, or dress in things that fit 'em like a sack. It wasn't that he was hard up. Did you notice those shoes?" He sighed. "I wish I'd a pair half as good."

"Let's have a look at what was in his pockets," Burke said, moving to a small table where a variety of things was spread like goods in a pawnbroker's shop. The sergeant followed him.

"Wallet with seven pounds in it, sir. A few visiting cards which don't give any indication of his business. Just the private address. . . ."

"Lived out at Passy, eh? That's on the fringe of the Bois de Boulogne. . . ."

"I've never been to Paris, sir," said Lanaghan. He made the comment sound virtuous.

Burke unfolded a letter. "From Raoul Payard. Just a dinner date; wonder why he kept it?" He glanced through a few other papers. "Nothing of importance here. What else have we?"

"A bunch of keys, sir. A few coins from left-hand trouser pocket. One or two French ones." The sergeant's tone hinted that the dead man intended to try passing them if favourable circumstances arose.

"No passport," said Burke.

"There's a good trade in passports," Lanaghan said darkly. "I expect the murderer took it. May try to fake it and use it to get out of the country. . . ."

"Something in that," Burke agreed. He stood, thoughtful, for a minute. "I think I'll have a word with Records. There's just a chance they may know something of a Greek named Matessis. How many Greeks are there in London, sergeant?"

"Too many, sir," said Lanaghan. "I was on a beat in Soho for a couple of years. . . ." Somehow, he contrived to convey the impression that he regarded this as a form of overseas service.

"All the same," said Burke, "a Greek named Matessis shouldn't be all that hard to find. Particularly if he's one of the criminal class. . . ."

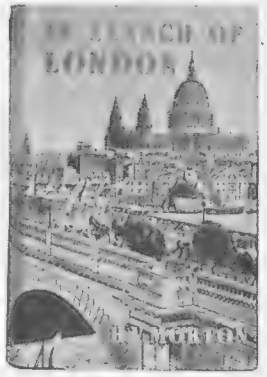
The inspector crossed to the telephone.

RECORDS seemed to do most of the talking. Burke returned from the call looking thoughtful. "More in this than meets the eye, sergeant," he said.

"There's plenty (*Continued on page* 68)

"LEFT-HANDED men are always mean"

WONDERFUL LONDON

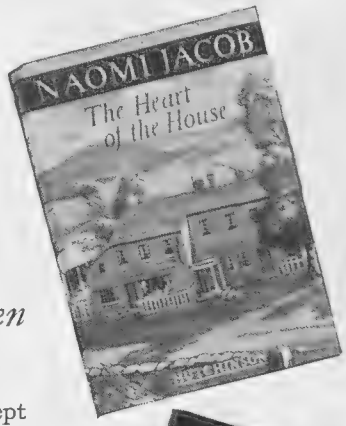


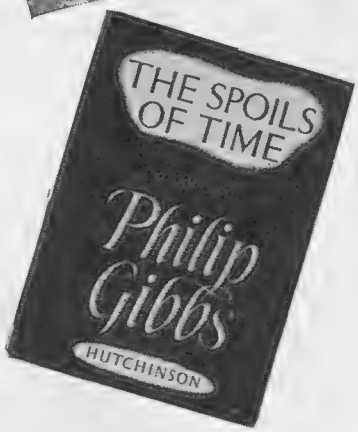
I DOUBT if the Festival visitor exploring London could have a better companion than H. V. Morton, who strolls about town, talks with people he meets, raises the ghosts of history from Roman times onward, quotes stories like these: The former Adelphi Terrace of the Adam brothers was said to have been built to the skirl of bagpipes by imported Scottish labourers who, finding they were paid less than London rates, downed tools and were replaced by Irishmen with fiddlers. The Duke of Wellington's statue originally on the Constitution Hill arch was so huge that before it left the studio twelve men sat inside the horse and drank the sculptor's health. Among contemporary objects in Queen Victoria's bedroom at Kensington Palace he saw a pair of Indian clubs; but the thought of her twirling clubs, either in youth or age, was too fantastic!

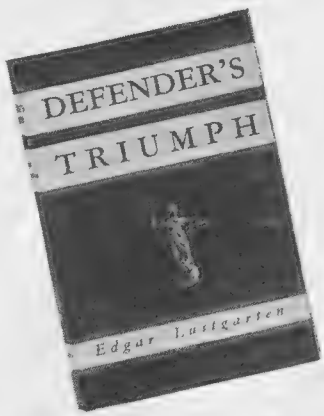
Mr. Morton's style in this kind of book has always been that of the best type of descriptive journalist. It covers all the "sights" and has sixteen gravure plates.

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen







WOULD you liken Monte Carlo to-day to "a kept woman—with a glamorous presence, a shady past and an uncertain future"? Charles Graves does, though he has to admit that she has done pretty well for herself, since within twenty years of the King of Sardinia selling her for twopence per square yard in 1862 she became as valuable as corner sites in Piccadilly, Fifth Avenue or the Place Vendôme, thanks to the genius of François Blanc. And despite the English girl who sat on the casino terrace, heard gunshots from the Tir aux Pigeons, and sobbed, "Oh, Auntie, I can't bear to think of all those brave men blowing their brains out," Mlle Monte is responsible for far fewer suicides than we think, for of the yearly average of eleven less than half are gambling ones. History, anecdotes, personalities, systems, dramas, sensational wins and losses—really, Mr. Graves knows Monte so well and writes of it so vividly that I feel he should be permitted to buy the place out of the proceeds of **"The Big Gamble"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), which should be considerable, helped by the fine photographs.

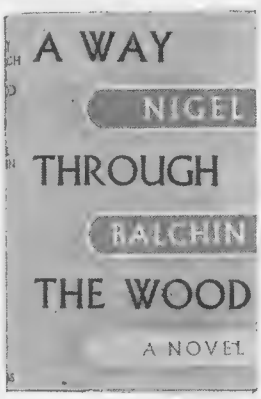
WHAT wags these physicians are! Sir Humphrey Rolleston once told a great Victorian colleague that he wondered how he coped with his large correspondence. "My dear Rolleston," he replied, "when my correspondence gets really beyond me I have a bottle of port." Then, when Rolleston said it wouldn't be much help to him: "My dear fellow, when I've had a bottle of port I don't give a damn whether I write my letters or not." Other amusing anecdotes season R. Scott Stevenson's diverting memoirs, **"In a Harley Street Mirror"** (Johnson, 15s.), which include encounters with Charles Laughton, Sydney Howard, Rudolf Hess, Edward Knoblock, and Willie Gallacher in West Fife; with U.S. surgeons and the Mayo Clinic, Rochester; war-time work at Gib.; and sundry medical papers, especially on laryngology.

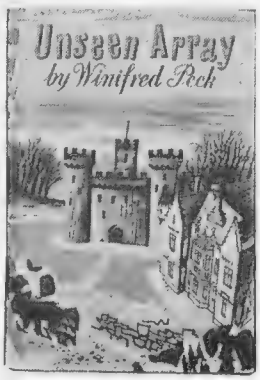
PEOPLE on trial for murder may be innocent, but only a first-rate advocate may be able to get them off, thinks Edgar Lustgarten. In **"Defender's Triumph"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.) he recounts four typical cases—Adelaide Bartlett, accused of poisoning her husband in Pimlico; artist Robert Wood, accused of cutting a prostitute's throat in Camden Town; Elvira Barney, whose lover was shot dead in her mews flat; Tony Mancini of the Brighton Trunk sensation—and shows Edward Clarke, Marshall Hall, Patrick Hastings and Norman Birkett fighting for their acquittal, with all the suspense drama of crowded courtrooms.

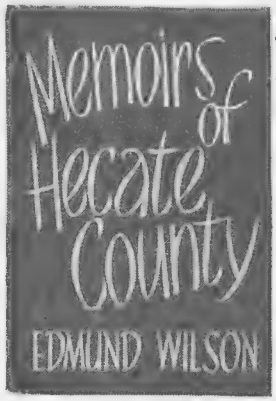
IT is not only the wines we drink but the place and company in which we drink them that matters. Connoisseur H. Warner Allen says he has been lucky in tasting most of the greatest wines of the last century but what stand out more are "humbler vintages owing far less to their own merit than to the exceptional setting in which their memory is enshrined"—a Swiss one, for example, at a wedding feast in the Val d'Anniviers, from a cask never completely emptied for a century. **"A Contemplation of Wine"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is a learned blending of liquor and literature, most mellow and pleasing to both palates.

RUSSIA is waging a cold war against the free world on four fronts—military, economic, political and psychological; to defeat it we must wage the peace along the same fronts, to unite peoples and co-operate with them, not to divide, conquer and enslave like the Kremlin. That is Paul Hoffman's view, persuasively developed in **"Peace Can Be Won"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). The main difficulty would seem to be: how to do this without being as cunning, ruthless and indifferent to human life and suffering as the Politburo Boys—probably, with the Hitler lot, the world's all-time record trouble-makers.

A DEUCE for sportsmen: Jack Solomons's **"Tells All"** (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.), the robust, slangy inside story of fights he has promoted, boxers he has known, with cutbacks to his fish-buying days which once drew this crack from a friend when (*Continued on page 74*)







Ornaments in the Small Garden

TO the garden lover even the smallest plot assumes romantic possibilities. Imagination turns the back-yard into a miniature Versailles and the urge to create something impressive is in all of us who indulge in gardener's dreams.

A formal layout with paving, terrace-work and ornaments disclosing themselves in a pleasant harmony with the view is good and often eminently practical in the small-scale garden where limitations of space deny the flowery vista and wide, green lawn, But one too often sees unhappy results from enthusiastic attempts to introduce ornaments which are out of scale and mood with their backgrounds.

The golden rule in any garden, large or small, is to remember that the static ornament is an artificial thing in an essentially natural setting.

Garden ornaments fall into two categories, the naturalistic pieces which should be "discovered," half concealed by the setting, and the formal pieces which need a bolder, more open treatment. The limitations of a really small garden make it essential that ornaments should be chosen with these rules in mind. The character of the setting must govern the choice. Choose the site, then choose an ornament which will sink into its background as though Nature herself had put it there.

In the really small garden impressive ornaments are seldom happy unless the whole layout of the plot has been designed to lead up to the set-piece, as it were. But charming effects can be obtained within a small compass with naturalistic pieces half concealed among foliage and flowers.

A sundial or bird bath is more effective set on a paved terrace or beside a flagged path rather than when it is seen sprouting uneasily from the centre of a grass plot with which it never quite succeeds in making a partnership.

Small spaces are not for monumental effects. A large fountain figure presiding over a miniature goldfish pool is an error of judgment that not even the beauty of surrounding flowers and foliage can quite conceal.

Some ornaments specially suitable to the small garden. The owl is from a range of naturalistic pieces. The vase might be sited on a small terrace and the other formal pieces are well proportioned for small-scale effects. (Ornaments by Burton Holt)

An At Home Or Away Wardrobe

Spectator's grey-braided suit to travel in; to fill the needs of outdoor occasions on holiday when an informal dress would be incorrect and to wear on through the autumn. About £9 18s. On the right of the suit an elegant black jersey afternoon or dinner dress by the same designer. A wardrobe "classic" for hotel evenings and dressy informal affairs through the year. About eighteen guineas. Estrava's chicken print beach suit, below, is in burnt orange and black and includes shorts (34s. 6d.), A bra (13s. 9d.) and a matching blouse (34s. 6d.)

Nautical blue blazer with brass buttons. A practical but inexpensive coat to slip on over cotton dresses when sea breezes are cool (Estrava, 51s. 10d.) and to team with the same maker's white "Adapta" skirt cut on the wrap-around principle which clings to hips and waists of most dimensions (34s. 7d.). A rayon jersey plunge-neck blouse, cool, and easily ironed to go under the jacket is 28s. 6d.

Below: Light-weight rayon jersey in pastel pink or white with navy edging, the most adaptable of sunny day dresses, inexpensive enough for holiday daytime wear, yet easily dressed up with a cartwheel crinoline straw and long gloves. (Estrava, about £4 4s.). Atrima's distinguished black and white cotton print evening dress will go to parties with assurance at any season. About £15 15s.

TIME was when a holiday outfit constituted a wardrobe within a wardrobe. Having planned clothes for day-to-day use between June and September we embarked upon a further spree with beach outfits, packable cottons, an evening dress, or perhaps two for hotel dancing. Well, it was fun while it lasted, but the current preoccupation with the cost of it all, continues to work its own sabotage on all such carefree plans. Instead, summer clothes have, for most of us, to be carefully integrated with the economic plan leaving a narrow margin for the downright frivolities of holiday wear.

To busy women, the research required to assemble a wardrobe for home and away use presents a knotty problem. Items which have only a limited use must be light on the pocket, yet half the pleasure of the weeks of holidaymaking rests with having the right clothes, at the right moment.

So far as the lighter items of a holiday wardrobe are concerned inexpensiveness need not put up the bar to charm and good taste. Cottons, rayons and some nylons are attractive and cheap but among a wide selection, the best in value and taste have still to be run to earth. This is why, from our special knowledge of merchandise, we have made this selection of a basic holiday wardrobe. With the addition of a cotton dress or two these clothes could go on any holiday, almost anywhere, with confidence. The lighter clothes are easy on the pocket, the costlier items like the suit, the black jersey dress and the evening gown justify themselves by their ability to serve right through to the autumn and later.

If you are interested to have details about retail stockists of the garments shown, write to the Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

I like dish washing!

IF a Gallup Poll were taken to discover the Most Hated Household Task, no doubt dishwashing would top the poll. I wonder why?

I feel that I have been guilty of blasphemy, not to say treachery to my sex when I assert that I *like* dishwashing. Women hear me with contempt, men with that kindly tolerance which they reserve for women who are trying to attract attention, no matter how. And yet it's true.

What's wrong with dishwashing is not the dishwashing but the build-up which successive generations of incompetent dishwashers have given it. It stands to reason, that if you begin a task with nerve and sinew tensed to resist its attractions you can never extricate yourself from the dishwasher's Slough Of Despond, much less do the job well.

There is no denying that dishwashing can be a greasy, backaching, monotonous and generally chaotic affair, but whose fault is it? Not the dishes which are docile, easily regimented, well disposed things only waiting to be liberated from the dreadful opprobrium which afflicts their history and which is no fault of theirs.

Since the everlasting task renews itself as often as it does why not promote it to the priority status of Scientific Chores? The world is full of dishwashers, complacent owners of expensive cooking, sweeping and refrigerating apparatus, who are still sullenly washing dishes in a bowl too small for the job and wielding an improverished mop in three inches of unsavoury water.

A modest outlay on a small battery of mops (the plastic sponge type on a substantial bakelite handle is my best discovery to date), some good saucepan brushes, shaped to get into awkward corners; a sufficiency of pot scouring wool, a handy detergent solution to dissolve grease and, of course, plenty of hot water.

The essential precaution of cleaning and stacking plates before the operation may seem too obvious to mention, but many dishwashers neglect it. By the simple expedient of scraping the grease from the plates and stacking them, popping the cutlery into a jug of hot soapy water *immediately* they come from the table, the general appearance of the task ahead is much less formidable.

If a right approach to the psychology of dishwashing has one reward more satisfying than the rest, it is the shining visages of the plates, well rinsed and dried (on good absorbent linen), smirking their approval of a bogey well and truly laid.

A Good Suit is a Pleasure to Behold and a Joy to Wear, but do You know how to Select One?

THE Englishwoman's taste for suits derives from an inherent preference for comfortable informality and the fact that the English tailor is still the most dependable factor in the sphere of clothes. A good suit in the wardrobe is an absolute assurance that at least one garment can be counted on to go pretty well anywhere during the day and to do it creditably. Good suits have a long life and the initial outlay on the best of materials and workmanship justifies itself, even in the most rigid economic plan. But what *is* a good suit? What are the factors that make it so? It is easy enough to recognise the outward appearance of perfect cut and taste, but when it comes to selecting a suit, watching points during a fitting at the tailor's or in the store, many women rely upon a hit-or-miss judgment which ends in a disappointing buy.

The quality and suitability of the fabric is, of course, a first principle. The preciseness of fit which characterises the tailored garment calls for a type of fabric which lends itself best to the work. Wool, worsted, saxony and tweed are the most commonly used. Of these, worsted is, in general, a better choice than wool, because the manner in which it is woven gives, in broad terms, a closer, tighter cloth, less apt to lose its shape under the tailor's hands and in wear. Tweed, in most of its varieties (except a few of the featherweights and the thicker types intended for loose topcoats), is traditionally good. In character and quality Saxony comes somewhere between these others and, like the rest, is subdivided into higher and lower qualities. To judge the quality of material in these days when "woollens" are often compounded of a number of things, not all of them wool, it is hard to judge quality without expert knowledge. An argument for using a tailor with a reputation to maintain, or, in the case of a ready-to-wear, a maker of known integrity. This disposes of the material question; what about the making?

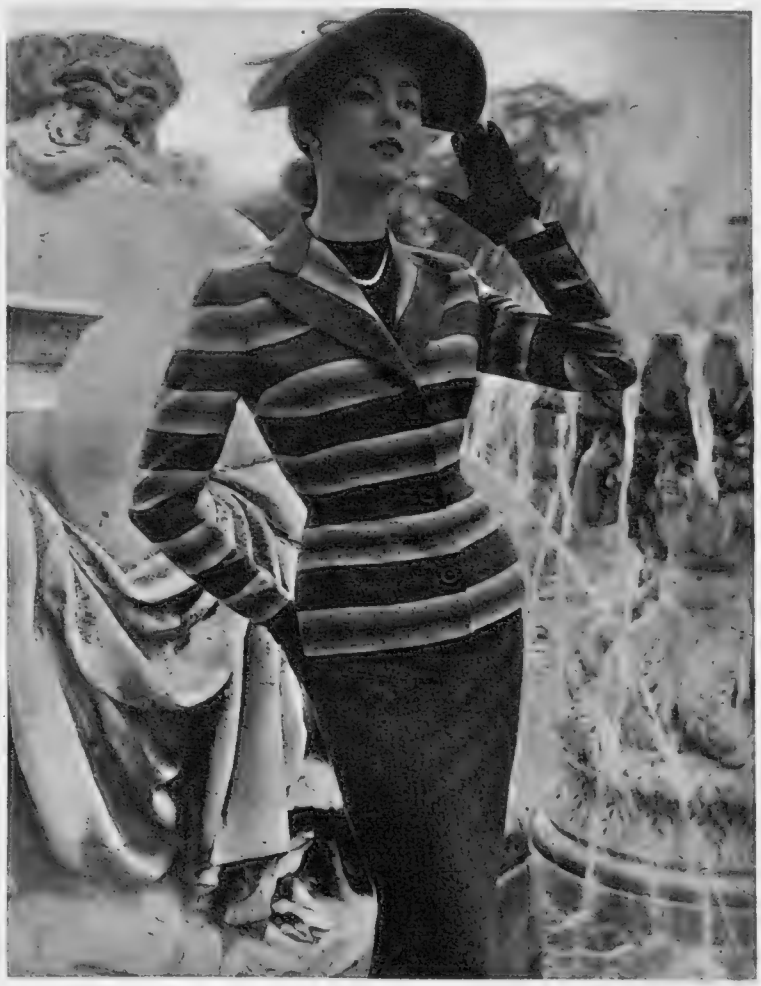
Whatever can be said of mass-production tailoring—and there is a lot when cost has to be considered—the virtues of hand craftsmanship are still supreme *and* practical. Whether they are bought from "the peg" or bespoke, the best suits are to a large extent made by hand. This is the reason for their higher cost and an instance where the machine cannot replace the human hand. Individual workmanship is costly. Even such apparently trifling features as buttonholes and the sewing-in of linings are important attributes to the smooth perfection of a tailored garment.

The cheaper garment often loses its figure, whatever its face value, because machine manufacture denies the flexibility and the finish which the more meticulous handwork guarantees. There are, too, hidden factors, such as the quality of the lining canvas. Most of us have suffered from collars and lapels which cockle and turn limp; the buttonholes which come apart; the lining which sags and interrupts the smooth "lay" of the outer cloth.

When choosing a suit or fitting one at the tailor's, watch the shoulder-line. Everything hangs from this. It should be smooth, fitting snugly into the back of the neck with no creases across the back of the shoulders or under the arms at the back. Wherever the jacket moulds the figure, particularly at the waistline, it should do so with ease and with no hint of tightness. A good jacket is sculptured in your own likeness, not glued to the figure. It should be as shapely off as it is when you put it on.

Some guiding points about style. If you are full-busted, avoid high collars and high revers. The long roll is best. The same goes for breast pockets.

Women who have the inches for it can safely choose a long jacket, but never the short woman. Horizontal seaming is flattering to the larger figure. The tall, slim woman is made for suits and does wisely to have them *well* made for her.



Jacqmar's superbly sculptured suit above is in royal blue and black tweed, has a velvet collar and curved pocket-flaps. Matita's shadow-stripe worsted jacket, right, teams with a plain grey skirt.

A Summing Up

Winifred Stivens goes to the South Bank Exhibition to make a critical survey of the section devoted to homes and, as practical housewife, assesses what she saw.

I AM an Australian, the mother of two small children; I have endured six years of nomadic marriage—and other people's houses. When we go home we mean to build and settle into our dream house—that is, a dream house within the limits of a not bottomless pocket and ever-rising building costs. For these reasons I was eager to see what Britain's designers have accomplished in the section of the South Bank Exhibition devoted to homes and woman's special sphere. I went to see the home of the future—my own future, as I hope—and to see if it is true, as I have heard, that out of the long years the locusts eat, something concrete has emerged; if some real crystallisation of promised improvement has evolved to give women like myself ideals of homemaking on which to base our hopes.

My summing-up is made as, I hope, a practical housewife, certainly as one who is ready for new ideas. "This," I said, "is a 1951 Exhibition. It has nothing to do with the past. I am prepared to like it. Let 's see what they have to offer."

I did like it. I was impressed with the talent and creative purpose so obviously bursting to find a practical form of expression, though still, and perhaps inevitably, with some uncertainty of touch.

At the moment, as I see it, Ideas have been the first preoccupation. One too readily has the impression that theorists are behind the ideas rather than people who have really come to grips with the problems which they are out to solve.

Nevertheless, all worthwhile developments spring from Ideas. Time and experiment see to the implementation of them.

I must say, and without reservation, that children have been well served by the Ideas Men. As a mother I most approve of the emphasis on safety in the home—not only in the nursery, but elsewhere. Full marks go to an electric fan with yielding rubber blades; to safety plugs for light, power points and gas sockets, and to electric fires, fitted high out of reach or, alternatively, with automatic switches which turn themselves off when they are knocked over, lifted or even bumped.

Chairs, tables and beds that "grow" with their occupants are so practical and yet so simple, that one wonders why they were never thought of before.

If I have a criticism of the nursery section, it is that there was no furniture which is proof against childish blandishments like spilt milk, jam, paint, not to say hands and feet. Only one nursery featured such surfaces, but surely this is a priority feature of furniture design for the very young? One nursery lightheartedly introduces a table in bleached and polished wood and some admittedly beautiful thick fluffy mats. The devastation which my scissors-and-paste-mad-four-year-old could wreck on that table is nobody's business, except perhaps the designers.

Two children's beds, handsomely simple, designed so that the short-legged one will slide under the taller one during the day, must appeal to any woman with space problems. And bunks, too, why not?

Any dreamy youngster could play at being a film star in the teenager's "Room Of Her Own." It is an enchanting affair, but her mother might ask if the young lady's sense of housewifery would be equal to such elegantly impractical equipment. A real life teenager would, I feel, be just as tastefully served with a more knockabout arrangement. But why carp? Some people can still indulge such things, I believe. In any case, the dressing-table in this room is a dream, and I covet it myself with its deep tray compartment for cosmetics and a lid with a mirror lining to shut all away.

There is a praiseworthy attempt to design a bed-sitter for a business man where he can shave or wash his socks in a sink cunningly enclosed in a sideboard (polished), or take a shower in a cabinet strongly reminiscent of a steel filing-cabinet. Nobody can say they haven't thought of everything here. Nobody could say that there are not men who wouldn't be content in it. I just don't happen to know any. It is a self-conscious affair—the Ideas had the whiphand again—and the same self-consciousness pervades the elderly woman's bed-sitter. I know that

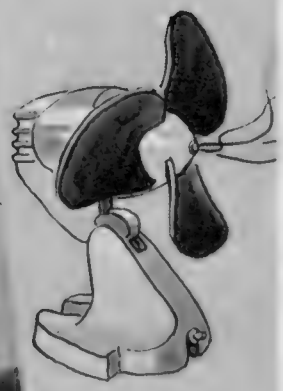
Rooms shown from the Homes and Gardens Pavilion include a kitchen, left, with storage units; an adjustable-height table and a streamlined gas cooker. A feature of the bachelor sitting-room, right, is an adjustable settee divan with a swivel back which converts to daytime use. The Parlour, below, characterises the mid-century style of furniture design and décor.

bed-sitters need rehabilitating, but need they be a nightmare of gadgets waiting to spring from concealment. I have never regretted my bachelorhood. I regret it less if this is the penalty.

Nothing but praise can be given to the dining-music room. If dining and music are your hobbies (they are certainly mine), you could find no more beautiful blueprint for elegance and comfort. What music-lover would not be enchanted with a room where you could make music as well as have it delivered in a can. Fantasy steps in again, I fear, in the attempt to design a room with the spread of light and sound so restricted that its various occupants can knit, read, view the television or listen to the radio in one fell swoop, as it were. My experience of television is that you view or go to another part of the house.

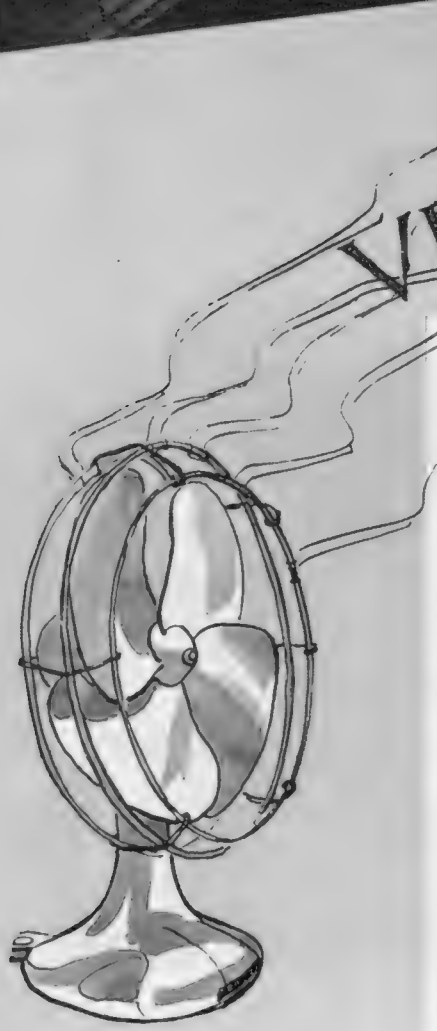
Among the kitchens, the designers have come into their own. There is a sense of maturity, a sureness of touch here which, surely, must spring from a longer term of experiment. I was particularly impressed by the use of folding screens, folding walls and storage units used to break up a large single area into smaller, compact ones for dining, cooking and cleaning. There is great play with orderly and economic use of space to save the housewife's legs and—important this—to keep her among the family while she works.

As to furniture as such, I have the feeling that here something concrete, definite and good has emerged. Furniture design has at last taken on a character which can be truly said to represent its period. The fumbling after effect so characteristic of the pre-war era of design in furniture has gone. The new pieces have an assurance and a character quite their own. Bleak angularity has softened into flowing curves, stark surfaces and shrill colours have blossomed with the use of lustrous new woods, and furnishing textiles marvellously improved in design and texture. The best of this furniture is not in the Utility range. Good design, it seems, will remain beyond the reach of the majority until the majority *want* good design. But that 's another story.



VENTILATING SENSE

By LORNA LEWIS.



ARE we really sensible about fresh-air ventilation in the home or is the foreigner right in his claim that the English are mad about open windows?

This question of ventilation in general is greatly exercising the minds of important bodies like the Industrial Health Research Board of the Medical Research Council, the London School of Hygiene, and others, including builders and architects. Enquiry goes on into the rates of air-change (the amount of air filtering through a room per hour), flues, air gratings, controlled ventilation, especially in crowded places. It all sounds very technical and impressive, but what can the ordinary householder do about living comfortably and healthily whatever the outside temperatures happen to be doing?

Obviously, we can't modify our climate, nor can we in most cases replace obsolete windows, alter the shape of our rooms, however opposed they may be to cosiness, or, in fact, make any dramatic changes in living. But we can improve day-to-day comfort and give a useful fillip to the health of the family by acting upon a few simple principles where ventilation is concerned.

Generally speaking, the more air per person the better. This is achieved by a combination of open windows and air circulation in the room; but much depends on circumstances. It is no help to follow the old rule of flinging up the bedroom window on a damp night and just flouting the lifelong weakness of your bronchial tubes. Warmth is a very good thing, though the fresh-air fanatics look upon it with suspicion. A blast of cold air through a wide, open window may be even less effective from the health point of view than opening the window a few inches at the top. Warm air rises and cold air sinks, so by opening the top of the window you are letting *out* the used air. The new fresh air is extraordinarily persistent in its efforts to infiltrate. It will force its way into your room by all means it can find, this includes the overlap in the sash windows, the inevitable cracks around doors and windows, the lower part of the casement and, of course, the chimney. So don't martyr yourself on a cold or damp night by admitting a cold blast from the window. Within limits the fresh air will look after itself if you make room for it by letting the old air out.

How to be Comfortable and Healthy at Home without making a Fetish of Fresh Air.

Space is important if you are making any room or office do more than it was originally intended to do. The more people in a room, the more ventilation is required because the air is used up rapidly; but two or three people can sleep with quite a small amount of window ventilation if they have enough *space*.

The degree of ventilation provided by any window area depends on the direction and force of the wind, which, if blowing crossways, may come in, hit the wall at an angle, and rebound in quite an unexpected place. This is why there can really be no rigid rules on ventilation.

Every room must have some means of ventilation besides windows. Fireplaces draw up the used air by the force of the wind blowing over the aperture, so don't stuff up your fireplace in the summer.

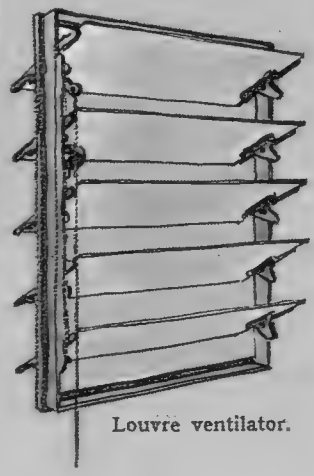
Try changing the position of the furniture, especially your bed, if you are plagued with draughts. If bedhead is in a cross-current of air from window to door, it may help to place your chest-of-drawers alongside you to break the draught.

In summer-time, don't wait till your room is boiling hot before you pull your curtains or sunblinds, but begin *early*, and don't open a window in the face of the blazing sun.

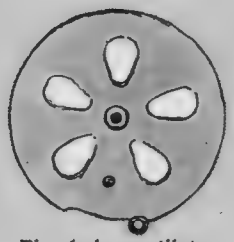
If structural changes are impossible, use such devices as draught-excluders on doors and windows (modern metal ones are highly effective), door mats, fitted carpets (if you can afford them), even what used to be called "stuffed sausages" on old windows. But one last word: if you cut out draughts, you *must* have extra window ventilation.

Extractor Fan.

A small steady influx of fresh air is provided by a non-mechanical ventilator, such as the circular five-hole ventilator or the Louvre ventilator, which, fitted with remote control, is particularly suitable for inaccessible positions in skylights, etc. The Constant-Flow ventilator cuts out all possibility of draught, as it is self-adjusting to the outside wind pressure. Electric fan extractors are the most efficient form of ventilation and are specially recommended for kitchens. For living-rooms there are two forms of air circulators, one a recirculator and air filter which hangs like a light-fitting from the ceiling, the other which can be used as a convection heater in winter and as an ozone air purifier in summer. A window filter allows the window to be opened without discomfort from draught.

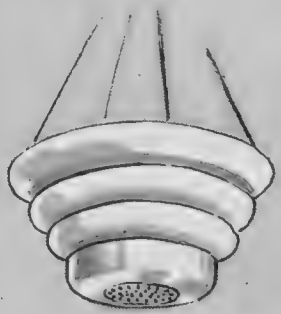


Louvre ventilator.

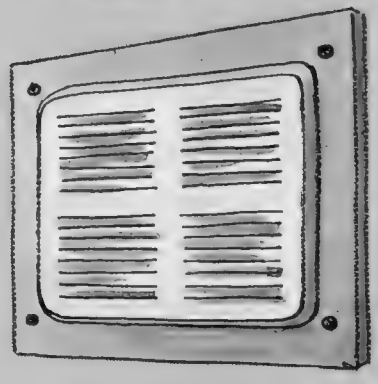


Five-hole ventilator.

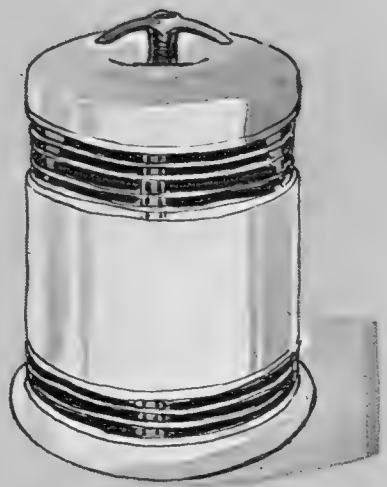
Air window filter.



Recirculator and air filter.



Constant flow ventilator.



Heater and ozone air purifier.

Of Myths

IT is a sad thing that there are not enough Apollos to go round, but young women who waken to this sobering fact must reflect that perfection needs a lot of living up to. Can it be that this is why the Ideal so seldom materialises and remains a myth enshrined in the imagination of woman, changing his character and even his appearance, as fashion and the dreamers' own personality changes with the years? For fashions in men there have always been, just as in dogs, and hair styles and holiday resorts. What, after all, is the ideal man but a synthesis of the modes and manners of the moment?

The Maid of Athens, as we know, swooned before those godlike ephebes whose perfect form is now set for ever in cool marble. Yet how they differ from, say, our own Elizabethans, equally admired whether they wrote history with their swords or sonnets with their hearts. Then look at the gulf between the wasp-waisted exquisites of the eighteenth century and the stern, bewhiskered domestic oracle of Victorian tradition. Each of them characterises the "ideal" of his day. Came the Edwardian era and the dashing two-bottle man, followed later by the languid-eyed haunter of moonlit terraces. What is he now but the casually cynical, near-psychopathic of popular fiction; the white-necked, duffle-coated, gay and impecunious figment of a million dreams? He is all and none of these. He is fiction; the myth which women create partly as an expression of their age-long talent for romance and partly to escape (as men do in other ways) from a four-square facing up to Life As It Must Be Lived.

It begins early for the young girl in the restricted family circle when she models her ideal first in the image of the father of her childhood or on some remote and ephemeral shadow of the cinema screen. It may be only a voice on the radio, the fearless hero of a novel or the sporting celebrity whose autograph would be a romantic triumph as significant as a love-letter.

Later, flesh-and-blood men are set up in competition with the Ideal which has flourished and made roots. There is the handsome stalwart in the morning bus queue —abysmally ignorant of her existence perhaps—the smooth, accomplished older colleague at the office with his darkly hinted-at *affaires*, publicly scorned but secretly

by
Andre Steylaers

and Men

admired. He is unaware of her, and better so. In any case, her conception of them all is sheer fantasy. They are there to fill in the outlines of a composite picture.

So far all is well. Youth must have its dreams. But trouble begins when romance—the real thing and not the shadow—steps in. Pity the poor devil who has to live up to the dream. She will, of course, endow him liberally with the characteristics of a god. If he, or she, can keep the picture intact there will be bliss, but can they ? Life and the marriage relationship are fraught with shattered illusions and trouble starts when, disappointed of her fanciful assessment of him, she sets to work to re-fashion the man he is into the man she *hoped he was*. The divorce courts are littered with the tragedies of men and women who might have been happy partners for life if, at the first, the union had been based on fact, not fiction. Cool reasoning does not rob the gilt from matrimonial gingerbread. Myths are things to dream with. Husbands have to be lived with.

The difference between setting up an inflexible ideal and fitting a man into its shape is a very different matter from setting up a man and giving him the chance and the encouragement to provide an ideal ; for man is very much what love and understanding make him.

So, lady, be cautioned. Put the myth aside and look for a man, and when the search seems ended, remember this : If he has the looks of Apollo you are lucky, very lucky, but if he hasn't you may still be a fortunate woman. Flattery and easy popularity has often spoiled a handsome man, whereas real character—and the homeliest features sometimes conceal it—is a comforting thing to live with. Reliability is said by some to be a dull companion. Don't believe it. Tolerance ? It is to be hoped he will have it in good measure. Tolerance (as opposed to flabbiness), is like a steam-roller on the stony path of matrimony. Don't enquire too particularly if he is selfish. He will be. Aren't we all ? It 's human, it 's masculine, it is only the degree of it that matters.

Logically, the number of eligible men there are to choose from is limited. The chances are that most of them will have defects, but marriage presents so many facets ; it has so many compensations that one can get to ignore, even to cherish, the defects, so why not give up waiting for that mythical Apollo and marry a human being ?

FIVE-OUNCE JERKIN

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. Templeton's " Ayrbeam " 3-ply Super Scotch Fingering in blue ; 1 oz. ditto in white ; Nos. 9 and 13 pins ; 22 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : Length from shoulder, 21 ins. ; 34-in. bust.

TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in. over Fair Isle on No. 9 pins.

ABBREVIATIONS : M.=main colour (blue) ; C.= contrast (white).

THE BACK

Using No. 13 pins and blue, cast on 138 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work.) Slip first 12 sts. on to a spare pin and leave for border. Rib 112, dec., slip last 12 sts. on to a spare pin for second border. (113 sts. left on pin.) Change to No. 9 pins and continue in Fair Isle pattern thus :

1st row.—(Right side of work.) K. in blue.
2nd row.—P. in blue.
3rd row.—K. in blue.
4th row.—P., c.1 (m. 7, c. 1) to end.
5th row.—K. (m. 1, c. 1, m. 13, c. 1) to last st. M. 1.
6th row.—P., m. 1 (m. 1, c. 1, m. 11, c. 1, m. 2) to end.
7th row.—K. (c. 4, m. 9, c. 3) to last st. C. 1.
8th row.—P., c. 1 (c. 3, m. 9, c. 4) to end.
9th row.—K., as 6th row.
10th row.—P., as 5th row.
11th row.—K., as 4th row.
12th row.—P. in m.
13th row.—K. in m.
Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.
18th row.—As 4th row.
19th row.—K. (m. 7, c. 1, m. 1, c. 1, m. 6) to last st. M. 1.
20th row.—P., m. 1 (m. 5, c. 1, m. 3, c. 1, m. 6) to end.
21st row.—K. (m. 5, c. 7, m. 4) to last st. M. 1.
22nd row.—P., m. 1 (m. 4, c. 7, m. 5) to end.
23rd row.—K., as 20th row.
24th row.—P., as 19th row.
25th row.—K., as 18th row.
26th row.—P. in m.
27th row.—K. in m.
28th row.—P. in m.

Continue in pattern until work measures 20½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting-off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, and 9 sts. at the beg. of the following 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts. (*Continued on p. 74*)

BABY'S KNITTED COAT

MATERIALS : For a six-month-old, 2½ ozs. 3-ply Bairnswear in white, ½ oz. in blue ; Nos. 11 and 12 needles ; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : Length, 14 ins. ; sleeve seam, 8 ins.

TENSION : 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 124 sts. in white. Work waffle st. until there are 3 blue squares as follows :

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—K.
3rd row.—P. **4th row.**—K.
5th row.—(Join in blue.) * K. 4 in blue, slip 2 white. Repeat from * ending k. 4 blue.
6th row.—*P. 4 blue, s. 2 white, repeat from * ending p. 4 blue.
7th row.—As 5th. **8th row.**—As 6th.

Now continue in white stocking st., starting k. until there are 11 ins. from casting-on (ending on a p. row). Now decrease as follows : k. 1, * k. 2 tog., repeat from * ending k. 1 (64 sts.).

Now change to 2nd row of waffle sts. and at same time start decreasing on 5th row and at beg. and end of every row until there are 52 sts. Work straight until there are 4 ins. round curve of armhole. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows until there are 16 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 64 sts. Work waffle sts. on 58 sts. and all k. in white on last 6 until there are 3 blue squares. Now continue in white stocking st., keeping the 6 sts. still always k., until length equals back.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Sunshine Into Rain

Coats for cloudy skies are as much fun to wear as summer gowns now that choice lies between such a diversity of materials and colours, most of them light and cool, though none the less proof from the rain. Printed cotton is practical and attractive enough in the cases we have shown to keep the wearer in good heart, whether it rains or shines

Above, left: Rainproof dust-coat in Ascher cotton, white with navy spots. The cherry corduroy velvet pull-on hat is spot proof. Mattamac coat approximately nine guineas. *Right:* Ginger cotton with black printed design has a storm fastening, dropped shoulders and raglan sleeves. Mattamac, approximately nine and a half guineas. *Below:* Small checks in classic black and white check with raglan sleeves. Dannimac, complete with hood six pounds seventeen and threepence. Buttons in single file parade down the front of a rubberized raincoat made in a choice of pastel colours. From two pounds eighteen and nine to three pounds nine, with hood. Dannimac. Particulars of retailers can be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

How well You Look

Nail Tonics

SPLITTING, dry, cracked and flaky nails are common enough troubles to-day. Diet deficiencies and the advent of detergents—wonderful for woollies but hard on the hands—are contributory causes of these nail disorders. Nails in bad condition need protecting, both from within and from without. Vitamin D is often effective in supplying the necessary deficiency. But this is a long-term treatment, and improvement will not be felt for some weeks. Cut the nails fairly short for the time being to reduce risk by knocking. Apply barrier cream to the hands before doing chores which involve putting the hands in water, rubbing the cream into the nail and nail bed.

Two nail-strengthening preparations will encourage the growing nail. One is a Brittle Nail Cream which should be rubbed under and into the cuticle.

The second preparation is a nail tonic containing glycerine and a derivative of castor combined to form a non-greasy nail food. This can be applied over nail polish in a few seconds and dries instantly. Vykmin tablets (4s. 9d. for a two weeks' supply) include the whole alphabet of essential vitamins and will provide the necessary "D" in addition to the tonic effect of those others in which our diets are currently deficient.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

PEOPLE often say, "How well you look," when what they really mean is, "How pretty you look." It is the glow of good health that lends vitality to beauty. Without it, a few rare beauties are pale and interesting—all others are pale and unremarkable.

Vivacity, which is nine tenths of physical charm, is a natural buoyancy which arises from physical well-being. It is not the over-excitability of nervous tension but an overflow of healthy good spirits. Physical well-being is of utmost importance as it affects beauty and vitality, for good health is the foundation of physical attraction and provides a peaceful serenity of mind in which the personality can develop unhampered by any stress.

Of all the minor ills which rob the body of one hundred per cent fitness, anaemia is the most common and women are by far greater sufferers than men. It is possible to have a mild degree of anaemia without the more obvious symptoms of pallor of the mucous membrane (doctors always examine the lower eyelids in suspected cases of anaemia). Lack of energy, lassitude,

difficulty in focusing which produces the mistaken sensation of not being able to see properly, all are often due to a mild degree of anaemia, and together they add up to a general feeling of depression and loss of tone to the body. Skin, hair, muscles, nails, teeth and nerves are all dependent upon the bloodstream which either nourishes them or starves them according to its own condition. An anaemic person not only feels off colour, but looks off colour, too. Such a state of affairs should not, and need not be, tolerated.

In mild cases an iron tonic will supply the deficiency and put the system into new trim within a short time. Some form of iron and vitamin preparation is excellent. It cannot possibly do any harm and if anaemia is at the root of the symptoms, it will begin to have good effect almost at once. Diet should include more iron and calcium foods such as dark green vegetables, liver and dairy produce, and also all the fruits rich in vitamin B. Nutritional anaemia can be very quickly overcome with these simple measures because the body is making new cells every day out of the food eaten.

Constipation is a common menace to good health and demonstrates itself in dullness of the skin, lack-lustre of the eyes, dragging of the feet and a general liverishness of outlook. Where the obvious "dose of salts" brings no return of vitality, colonic irrigation can bring improvement by clearing the system of toxic wastes which are poisoning the bloodstream.

Physical fatigue, of the simple kind which follows a hard day's work, is no enemy of beauty, for it takes away nothing that a sound night's sleep will not naturally restore. But pathological fatigue, which can be traced to improper diet, too little exercise, even fear, boredom or worry, is an enemy of natural vitality. If you regularly wake up in the morning feeling that your night's sleep has not refreshed you, something is wrong, and it is not necessarily lack of sleep! It may be lack of fresh air and exercise.

Lack of exercise and fresh air is a slow method of self-poisoning. Not only that, exercise stimulates the circulation to carry oxygen to all the body cells, thus releasing greater energy to them.

An undernourished body is in no shape to be gay and vivacious. In below par conditions, the quantity of food taken is no indication of its quality. Have snack meals by all means—there is often no time for more—but have easily digested and nourishing snacks.

In building up health, one is automatically building up beauty. Good health brings its own reward in terms of vitality and a feeling of well-being.

Combined Cosmetics

THE trend towards dual-purpose beauty preparations is welcomed by all women who have neither time nor money to waste. Choosing one preparation which combines the properties of two or more represents an economy with no sacrifice to quality. The range of all-purpose beauty preparations is steadily growing including skin food-cum-foundations, and cleansers-cum-nourishing creams. Not all multi-purpose beauty aids are suitable for all types of skin, and in choosing an all-in-one product, the type of skin and the character of the preparation must be borne in mind.

Dual Purpose Emollient combines the properties of a night cream with a powder foundation. Used lavishly at night, it acts as a luxurious lubricating lotion, without leaving a greasy film. Applied sparingly during the day, it provides an excellent foundation for a light make-up. Practical tests show that the Dual Purpose Emollient suits all types of skin, normal, dry and oily, but most benefit is felt by the normal, dry or sensitive skins.

Complexion Cream is a well-known all-purpose cream. This one preparation can be used for cleansing and nourishing the normal or dry skin, and as a foundation for the young girl who does not require a heavy make-up.

Two Purpose Skin Food replaces a skin food and foundation for the dry or maturer skins. Used regularly at night it will rejuvenate tired dry tissues. Used more sparingly, it acts as a light powder base.

Honey and Almond Cream, enriched with lanolin, forms a complete beauty treatment in itself for all types of skin. Already well known as a hand cream, it will cleanse and lubricate the skin, helping to prevent "squint lines" and tiny wrinkles caused by exposure to wind and sun. It can be used to prevent sunburn and is cool, soothing and healing to scorched complexions.

Another all-purpose preparation for all types of skin is Rose Lotion. It will cleanse the face, soothe the hands, beautify the body, soothe and protect generally, leaving the skin subtly perfumed with roses. This lotion combines the functions of cleanser, hand cream and after-bath body lotion.

Avocado Beauty Milk is a beauty treatment in itself for the oily, relaxed or slightly blemished skin and takes the place of cleanser and astringent. Used as a cleansing lotion, it has a deep pore-cleansing action; as a toning lotion it braces the skin and refines the texture.

Milk of Cucumber is a combined cleanser and conditioner for all skin types. Primarily a deep pore-cleansing lotion, it also clears and refines the skin texture, lends itself to the care of the hands and is an ideal after-bath body lotion.

Holiday Sewing

THE materials required for this cushion are $\frac{5}{8}$ yd. 50 in. natural linen, $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 21 in. white linen, $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 21 in. royal blue linen, $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 21 in. yellow linen; of Clark's "Anchor" soft embroidery 3 skeins in white, 2 skeins canary yellow, 1 skein each cobalt blue and geranium.

Cut two pieces 25 x 21 in. from natural linen for back and front of cushion. Cut two strips $1\frac{1}{4}$ x 21 in. of white linen, turn back a fold down each side of length to make $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide strips, then slip stitch down centre of cushion front $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart. Cut two similar strips from blue linen and slip stitch in same manner $\frac{1}{2}$ in. out from white strips. Cut two strips of yellow linen and slip stitch as before $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. out from blue strips. Draw a straight line $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in from yellow strips for chain stitch and another line for the feather-stitch border $\frac{1}{2}$ in. out from yellow strips.

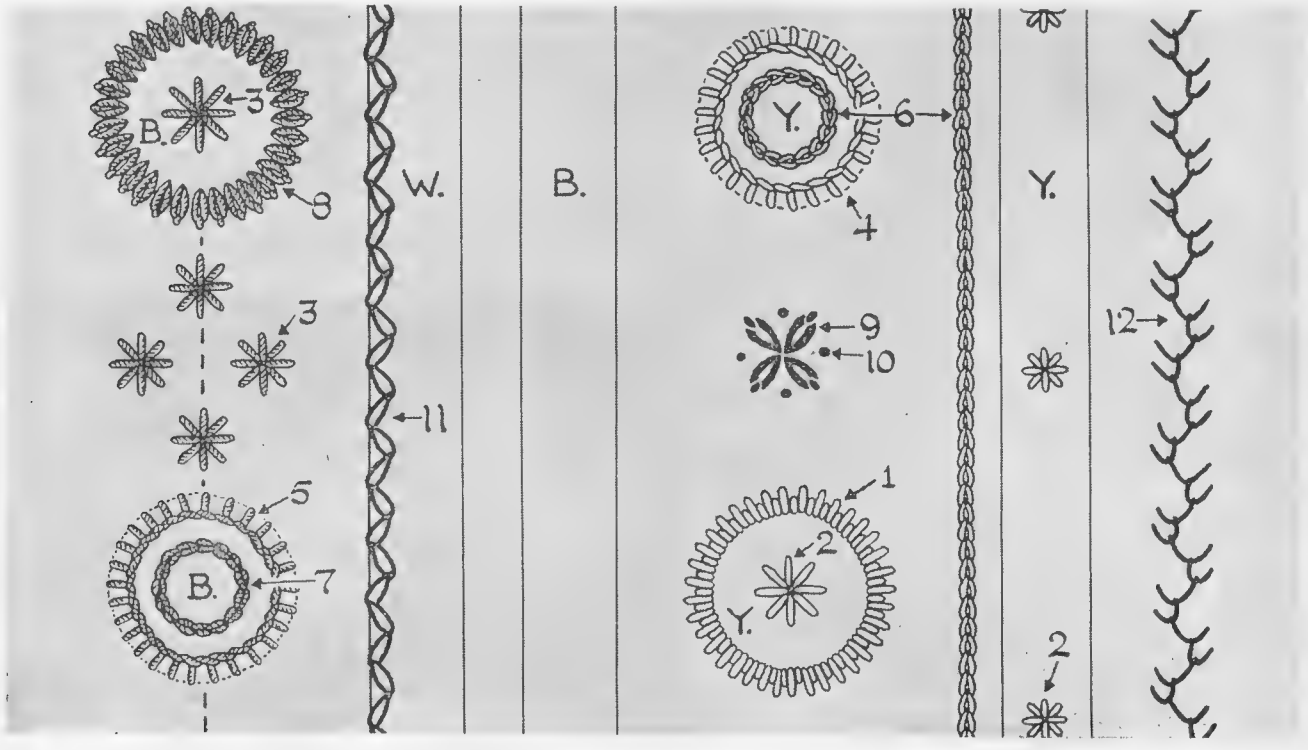
The drawn diagram gives one of each of the motifs used and a section of the feather-stitch border. Trace a circle $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter 10 times on to remaining yellow material and five times on to remaining blue material. Cut out traced circles and slip stitch one blue circle in exact centre of cushion (between white strips); slip stitch others, two above centre circle and two below, leaving $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. between each. Place the yellow circles in same manner between the blue strips and traced line. Draw a small circle $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter and large stars on to appropriate appliquéd circles; draw large stars in formation between blue circles; daisy flowers between yellow circles and seven small stars on each yellow strip.

The diagram shows the position of circles and strips, "B" for blue; "W" for white; "Y" for yellow. Follow the number key for the stitches and colours used. All parts shown similar to numbered parts are worked in same colour and stitch. The letters on the key indicate the stitches used and are: L—long and short stitch; T—straight stitch; B—blanket stitch; C—chain stitch; D—daisy stitch; K—French knots; Z—zigzag chain stitch (see sketch above); F—feather stitch.

Press finished embroidery well on wrong side and make up cushion.

KEY:

1 =	White	—L
2 =	White	—T
3 =	489	—T
4 =	White	—B
5 =	489	—B
6 =	White	—C
7 =	489	—C
8 =	489	—D
9 =	509	—D
10 =	509	—K
11 =	736	—Z
12 =	736	—F



The lady above drives a Standard Mayflower

Woman At The Wheel

LIKE a good many other fallacies instituted and nourished by men, the claim that women have the monopoly of bad driving is just not supported by fact. The real truth is that there are many bad drivers and the road-hogging male is as numerous as the feminine ditherer who is contemplating her make-up in the driving mirror when she should be giving a signal. "Doesn't know whether it's Christmas or Easter," your husband mutters, as the lady sticks out the left flipper and takes a wide sweep to the right. Perhaps not, but the man in a hurry to condemn women drivers *en masse* might reflect that many indifferent women drivers have been taught by men.

Quite apart from the severe strain which it puts upon friendly relations, learning to drive from a relation or husband is seldom a good idea. In the first place, though you may have watched his driving for years in the complacent assurance that he is good at it, you may have been deluding yourself. I say you *may*. Driving and being driven are totally different matters. The viewpoint is quite different. What looks like a near thing from the left hand seat can be perfectly safe driving from behind the wheel and from the same seat you can miss a number of those subtle errors of judgment which constitute a menace to other road users.

Patience and a co-operative atmosphere are first essentials of successful lessons in driving. Quite apart from his own qualifications as a teacher (of course you will never deny them) your husband may nourish the conviction that you are a nit-wit at the job and say so, whereas a professional instructor will at least temper his opinions, which is soothing to the nerves and makes for a more propitious atmosphere in which to improve. "You've got your hand-brake on *again*—don't you ever listen to what I say?" from your husband merely ruffles the feathers and does very little to improve your concentration.

To the beginner, driving is a series of apparently unrelated activities between the hands, the feet and the head. The confusion is intensified for most women by ignorance (which frequently goes on to the end of their driving days) of what results are achieved within the mysterious entrails of the car by the operation of the visible levers which, somehow, make it go.

Even a limited understanding of how a car engine works and what exactly the purpose is of every movement of the gears and switches does help to clarify the mystery at the start. A feminine allergy to machinery need not prevent one's mastering the simple principles of a motor engine and its functions. You may never need to carry out running repairs (though it would be a splendid thing if you could), but when you are learning to master the gears, it helps to know just what you are doing and why. A competent instructor will impart this indispensable knowledge of the mechanics of the car while friends or husbands incline to take the short cut and skip it.

Comes the driving test. It can come when you have been driving a short time or it can catch up with you, for various reasons, even when you consider yourself an old hand at the game. In both cases it is a nerve-wracking ordeal unless you *really* know what you are doing and why. The only terrors of the driving test rest in the driver's inability to handle a car with reasonable competence. If you have been well taught and remembered your lessons you will be all right if you take it calmly. The tester isn't there to trick you. He is only concerned with your performance and if you can prove to him that you have control of that very lethal contraption, a car, you will get your licence. If you can't, wiles and smiles won't save you.

The Fruits

BLACKBERRY SOUFFLÉ

½ pint blackberries; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; 1 egg; 1 large cooking apple; walnut margarine.

Peel, core and slice apple. Cook with the blackberries and very little water till tender. Put through sieve. Mix in margarine and sugar while still hot enough to dissolve them. Add beaten egg yolk. Whip egg white stiffly and fold in. Fill tiny soufflé or fireproof dishes. Bake a few minutes in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. Serve hot or cold, decorated with berries.

PEAR GLORY

Prepare an orange or lemon jelly from a packet and pour into round glass dish. Leave to set. Peel six pears. Cut in half and remove cores. Poach pears a few minutes to keep colour, but taking care that they remain firm. Chop finely a few nuts and glacé cherries. Mix with a tablespoonful desiccated coconut and a little strawberry jam. Stuff pears with mixture. Join halves together with a smear of jam. Stick stalk of angelica into each pear. Arrange pears on the jelly at back of the dish. Make leaves or decoration round them with whipped cream, tinted pale green and pushed through forcing tube.

APPLE CHEESE PIE

Grated rind ½ a lemon; 8 oz. short pastry; 4 cooking apples, peeled and sliced thinly; pinch of cinnamon; ½ gill milk; 1 egg; 2 oz. grated cheese; 2 oz. sugar.

Line pie plate with pastry; fill with apples; sprinkle over half sugar, lemon and cinnamon. Beat egg, add cheese and remaining sugar and milk. Pour over apples. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. for first 10 minutes and a further 30 minutes at reduced heat, Regulo 5 or 350° F.

BAKED APPLES WITH CHEESE FILLING

Peel and core several large cooking apples. Cream together about 4 oz. chopped dates, 2 tablespoonfuls lactic cheese, a squeeze lemon and fill centres of apples with mixture. Grease fireproof dish with margarine and add a little water and 2 oz. sugar. Place apples in syrup. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. When nearly tender remove skins; cut in half; return to dish. Sprinkle with brown crumbs which have been tossed in margarine and cook a further 10 minutes or till tender.

POACHED BANANAS WITH WINE

Skin bananas and cut in four slices. Poach a few minutes in about a cupful of water blended with a glassful of white wine and juice of half a lemon, 2 oz. sugar. Have ready a stiff rice cream or semolina. Pour rice into dish. Arrange fruit on top; pour syrup over.

A wine-flavoured syrup is also very good for fruit salads, fruit compôtes, etc.; or sherry may be added to custard in fruit trifles or to be served with stewed fruit.

BAKED GUAVAS

Drain contents of a tin of guavas. Fill centres with crushed macaroon and chopped nuts. Squeeze a few drops of lemon into each. Place in greased fireproof dish, cover with greaseproof paper, well smeared with margarine. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. Remove paper; baste fruit with sherry or fruit glaze. Serve with cream or fruit syrup.

PEAR GLORY

COOKERY BY HARRIET MUIR

THIS WAY IS

The Vegetables

Glazed vegetables are often used to garnish but we forget that they make a delicious dish served as a vegetable.

GLAZED CARROTS EN CASSEROLE

Melt 2 oz. margarine in a shallow casserole or earthenware dish. Prepare 1 lb. of young carrots or slice older ones in thin strips; toss in margarine, add 2 lumps sugar and add stock to cover. Cook gently in a low oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. till stock has reduced and formed a glaze. Shake carrots now and then while cooking. Garnish with fancy shapes cut out of cheese and cucumber and sprigs of parsley.

There is an excellent sweet variation of the same idea in Carrot Caramel. With this you fry the carrots in the margarine till light brown, then sprinkle thickly with sugar; shake well over a low flame to make a thin caramel.

Dariolles of Carrot and Peas in Aspic are pleasant as part of a salad meal or with cold dishes.

Well grease and rinse dariolle cups in cold water. Put a slice of hard-boiled

Dish Of The Month

DURING the time when field mushrooms are plentiful, we can afford to introduce this delicious variation into vegetable and savoury dishes to improve many meat and fish recipes. The mushroom can be as diverse in its uses as the tomato for flavouring sauces especially with a fillip of wine; mixing with other vegetables; fillings for pies or *vol-au-vents* and so on. The following is an excellent savoury dish:

Remove skin and stalks from about ½ lb. mushrooms. Melt a little fat in a pan. Chop 2 or 3 rashers of bacon in strips and fry in fat 2 or 3 minutes; add a pinch of mixed herbs, a little chopped parsley and chive, mushrooms (cut up if large), seasoning. Sprinkle well with flour, just cover with a glass of dry white wine and a little water or stock, simmer till mushrooms are tender and sauce thickened. Serve on round of buttered toast, garnished with lemon butterflies and sprigs of parsley.

GLAZED CARROTS

JUST AS EASY

For most of us cooking to-day is a matter of working against time, but these new methods with fruit and vegetables take very little extra trouble to prepare

egg or tomato at bottom of each. Set in a little aspic jelly flavoured with dry cider. Put some ready-cooked carrots and peas through the sieve. Season; fill cups three-quarters full. Pour over aspic. Leave to set. Turn out.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE

Shred finely some ready-cooked cabbage. Re-heat in a good, well-seasoned white sauce made with vegetable stock or milk with a few chopped chives and chopped parsley added. Line greased scallop shells with slices of tomato. Fill with creamed cabbage mixture, cover with brown crumbs; dot with margarine. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. till heated through and crisp and brown on top.

BRUSSELS SPROUT FRITTERS (slices of cooked parsnip or celery can be substituted)

Part cook sprouts in salted water, choosing firm, unopened sprouts. Drain, cool and cover each sprout with a little sausage meat or grated cheese. Dip in frying batter and fry in smoking-hot fat till golden brown.

PEAS WITH LETTUCE

Melt about an ounce of margarine in a pan; add about a pint of peas and toss it in; add just enough water to avoid burning, and then the heart of a lettuce and season. Simmer gently till peas are cooked. Arrange peas round lettuce on dish. Sprinkle peas with a little finely chopped mint. Garnish with little rolls of bacon and sprigs of mint.

SAVOURY CORN

Finely chop 2 shallots and fry in about an ounce of margarine till golden. Drain contents of a small tin of corn and add 3 tablespoonfuls of milk and 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Cook gently, stirring for 5 minutes. Serve on buttered toast.

TOMATO CHEESE WITH WINE

Scald skins off 3 tomatoes. Melt 1½ oz. margarine in pan. Chop tomatoes small; add to margarine, sprinkle with a pinch of finely chopped basil or other herbs. Season. Simmer a few minutes, add half-glass dry white wine; stir a few minutes; add 3 oz. grated cheese. Stir till cheese is melted. Serve on rounds of buttered toast.

SAUTÉED POTATOES OR PARSNIPS

Cut cooked parsnips in strips or potatoes in thin slices. Melt a little margarine in frying-pan, add vegetables, sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt and pepper and a little grated cheese. Toss in the margarine till fat is gone and vegetable golden brown.

LEEK HASH

Cut green and outer layer from 6 leeks. Cook till tender in salted water. Drain. Melt 2 oz. margarine in a pan. Chop leeks small. Brown in fat. Sprinkle with flour and add 3 tablespoonfuls of milk and season. Simmer a few minutes. Remove from heat; stir in 1 egg (beaten). Cook a minute or two without boiling. Garnish with cheese shapes and chopped parsley or, if liked, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown a moment under the grill just before serving.

New Theories of Childbirth

by Dr. Rose May, M.D.

Obstetric practice has undergone a radical change in the last two decades. An article on the treatment of mother and child in the light of recent researches

FIFTY years ago the social and medical aspects of childbearing were a different story from those existing to-day. The Victorians spoke of pregnancy in hushed whispers, referring to it in consoling phrases as "an interesting condition." The mother-to-be contemplated nine long, weary months of semi-retirement, went for secret walks in late evening in case daytime strolls offended passers-by, and at home was treated like a victim of some distressing illness and denied the vigorous active life recognized to-day as indispensable for normal labour and the growth of a healthy child. All this was bad enough but it did not end here, for routine medical examinations were unheard of, and very often the doctor's contact with his patient was limited to an early consultation to confirm pregnancy and the last stages of labour. The mortality rate of infants and mothers looks tragic by comparison with those of to-day, yet many women survived the ordeal, though the after-effects of childbirth brought some formidable complaints to many, which were blandly accepted as inevitable. Pregnancy was then a considerably more hazardous affair than crossing the road in front of oncoming traffic at Piccadilly Circus.

Once the baby had been born, either alive or dead, his mother looked forward to three or four weeks enforced rest in bed, and obstetrics being in a primitive phase there is little doubt she felt the need for every moment of her convalescence. In the light of scientific midwifery we know that childbirth followed by a month in bed is just asking for trouble in the future. Fifty years ago many women's ailments which caused permanent ill-health were primarily induced by lack of skilled attention during labour, nevertheless, a large proportion could have been avoided had the patient been up and doing about ten days afterwards.

The conduct of modern obstetrics has been revolutionized and although there is still room for improvement, danger to maternal life has been practically eliminated in the Western world. Experience and knowledge have not been gained through the isolated study of midwifery, they have gone hand in hand with the vast new understanding of all branches of illness. Obviously it is quite impossible to describe in a limited space every obstetric advance and the way it links up with similar progress in medicine and surgery. Perhaps the most spectacular contrast between past and present lies in the technique and management of the puerperium or lying-in period.

Since the time of recorded history until the present century it has been the accepted custom to keep women in bed for twenty-eight days after delivery. Exercises and movement have been forbidden, the use of the hateful bed-pan has been a recognized part of the routine and a disapproving eye kept on open windows. Mother and child were protected from an overdose of fresh air in case it played havoc with the milking arrangements of the former and the delicate constitution of the latter. Indeed the infant's first outing was invariably postponed until the first fine day with the proviso that "there must be no east wind." In winter this often meant a delay of several weeks before the unfortunate infant was baptized by sunlight. Looking back one is tempted to think those ancestors of ours were terrified of fresh-air poisoning.

Unless an abnormal confinement requires special treatment, doctors now permit mothers to be out of bed for a few hours at the end of seven days and to resume their usual routine on the tenth day. As a matter of fact the pendulum is inclined to swing a little too far in this direction. In 1949-50 one large London hospital investigated the result on 828 women who were allowed to swing their legs over the bed on the second day, to sit in a chair and feed the baby on the third day, and to walk around in moderation on the fourth day. Not one of these patients suffered any ill effects and the majority said they felt extremely fit. They experienced no bladder or bowel trouble because of personal visits to the toilet, nor did they endure the temporary depression which frequently occurs after labour. Provided mothers are not rushed home too quickly in order to free beds for new cases, this is possibly an admirable method for hospital confinements, but it is less advisable for women who have their babies at home. Few mothers are likely to resist the call of housework thereby over-taxing their strength and perhaps, initiating breast-feeding difficulties. In any case a hard-working mother is entitled to these few days of rest and escape from the pressure of domestic affairs. As things (*Continued on page 72*)

Do you light up your own good looks?

Not if you rely on a little lipstick and a lot of optimism. Begin each morning with the new Yardley Make-Up Base. Now even creamier than before, this lasting foundation stays matt to prevent afternoon shine. Smooth it thinly over face and neck. Next cloud on Yardley Complexion Powder. Finally highlight your beauty with one of the nine vibrant shades of Yardley lipstick. Follow this simple routine and radiance is yours, reflected daily in admiring glances . . . Whenever possible, visit the Yardley Salon at 33 Old Bond Street, London

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TRUE OR FALSE

WE are all familiar with pedlars of the cliché, the bore who produces "a new broom" to damp our ardour about a new hard-won "daily" or "a fool and his money are soon parted" when you have just given yourself a little moral uplift with a good hat. Even so, time and use have given a certain spurious authenticity to the old adage. We all use them at times, yet if we take some of them apart in the light of present conditions, not to mention the revelations of modern science, it looks as if a new set of utility adages is well overdue.

How, to-day, for instance, can "two live as cheaply as one"? The laundry bills give the lie to that nonsense. Similarly, the claim that "everything comes to him who waits" hardly stands up against the pace of modern living. Patience remains a virtue if you know when to exercise it and when to cast it firmly aside. The waiting party to-day can be certain of very little to come except the income tax demand. As to "finding the way to a man's heart through his stomach," since that is only possible through an illicit arrangement with the butcher, what is one to think about that other facer, "honesty is the best policy?"

It is all very confusing. But though moral precepts still stand firm, modern science has debunked the long-accepted adage only too frequently and many old wives' tales have disintegrated under the searching light of scientific research. What about these, for example:

"Feed a cold and starve a fever" went west as a theory when it's realized that a cold *is* a minor fever.

The belief that a good crop of hair denotes strength has also been cast upon the rubbish heap of old wives' tales. It would have been more in keeping with scientific truth if Samson had been bald, since it is a proved fact that physically powerful men often have less flourishing crops of hair than weaker ones. There is no noticeable increase in feminine health and vitality since women wore their hair short.

Talking of strength, the age-old belief that women are the weaker sex is now known to be a fallacy. Science has proved beyond question that, biologically, males are weaker than females, not only before birth but in infancy and thereafter.

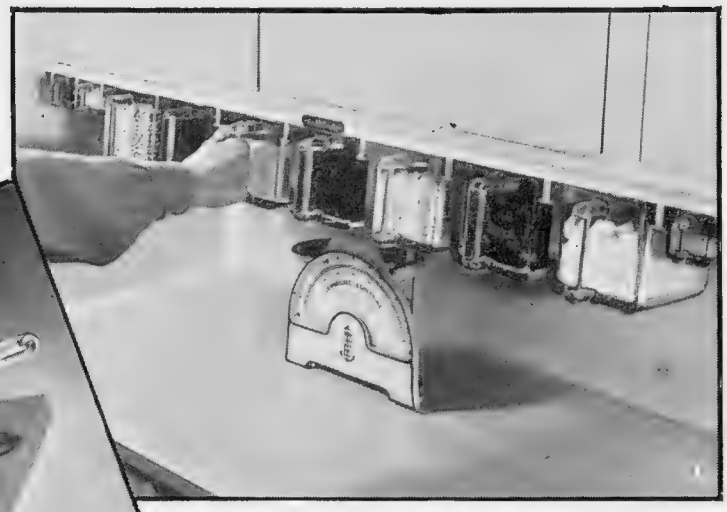
Infant welfare research has made a clean sweep of many popular misconceptions. For instance, that early walking gives a child bandy legs. This idea gained credence in the days before scientific feeding banished the scourge of rickets, a deficiency disease which causes softening of the bones. Balanced diets and a sufficiency of vitamins now produces firm and healthy bones and enterprising babies can walk as early as they please without ill effects.

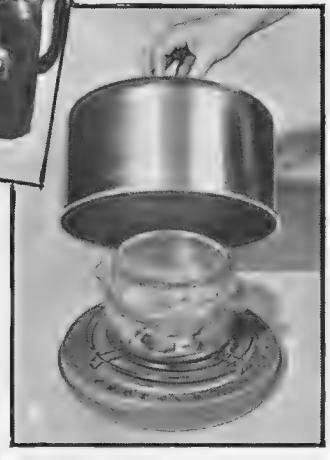
Misconceptions about heredity have been rolled over like ninepins. We may expect to inherit our parents features and perhaps even their money, but a weakness for alcohol need not afflict the unfortunate successors of an inebriate father or mother. Medical science no longer believes in alcoholism by inheritance, though environmental influences are a factor to be considered. Over a wide sphere of physical weakness and moral delinquency hereditary factors are known to be of less consequence than environmental ones.

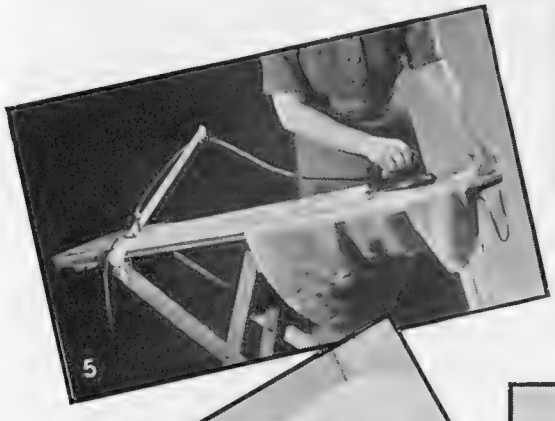
Concerning some minor misconceptions about health, the belief that toasting before the fire causes chilblains has quite gone up in smoke. There is still no absolute certainty as to what causes chilblains but we do know that toasting the hands and feet is not it, though it certainly exacerbates the trouble when it is already established.

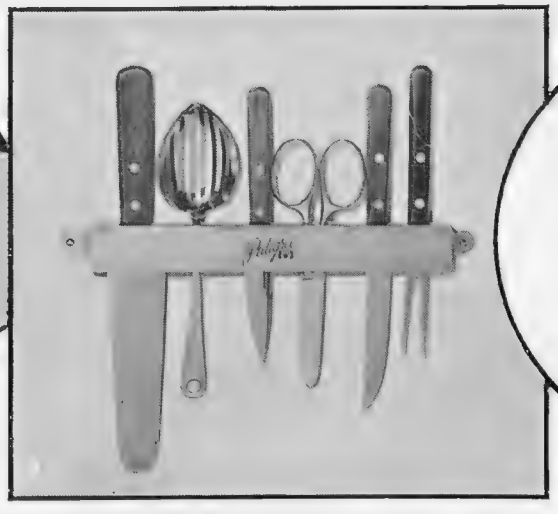
But even in 1951, some of these moss-grown "truths" retain their point. "Never let the sun go down on your anger" is a piece of advice sound enough to have a salutary effect on most human relationships, especially if both parties heed the warning to "Count ten before talking in temper." But one proverb leads to another and "enough is as good as a feast," though, again, where is the feast to come from now?

Information Centre









HANDSOME to look at, easy to use are glass drawer kitchen containers, utilizing space not normally used—the underside of a shelf (1). Where and how best to site them and all other kitchen planning problems can be solved by experts at a London Kitchen Planning Bureau.

The kitchen rack puts the cook's equipment under her hand (7).

The Creda electric kettle which is a *really* fast boiler (6) and a breadcutter (2) to make light work of cutting thin slices both help at teatime.

The Wonder Oven (4) converts a gas ring into a miniature oven, a boon for the one-room girl.

Mobilize for moth as well as flies and other pests the easy way with an anti-insect powder packed in a trigger-action canister.

Send tired down or feather quilts to be recovered and revived—no matter how old or torn—by the Highspot process.

Fix a flex carrier (5) to the ironing board and see what a blessing it is to be able to iron without the flex dragging.

Professional belts give a professional finish to home dressmaking, and washable belts can be tailored to order from customer's materials.

In the nursery, a self-sterilizing cot sheet does everything a waterproof sheet does, plus keeping bacteria at bay. Needs only washing in warm, soapy water to restore its self-sanitizing properties.

And just for the fun of it, some musical novelties (3). Cigarette box, Toby jug, fruit bowl or a bottle stopper. Each of them tinkles a tune when in action.

For further details of any item or service mentioned, please write, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve." Ingram House, 195/8 Strand, W.C.2.

(1) Take a shallow-crowned, wide-brimmed natural straw and a straight length of crinoline gauze doubled lengthwise with the fold to the brim edge. Gauge softly and fasten the other edge to the crown under a narrow velvet band. Add a bouquet of poppies

EASY TRIMS

Good hats are costly to buy but a basic shape and a light touch with trimming makes easy homework of these summer headpieces

(2) A feather mount for a deep-crowned boater, softly veiled, totals an elegant hat to wear with summer gowns
(3) A similar shape is swathed with fine white spotted muslin brought to the rear in a cascading bow
(4) Back trimming is much featured, this time with an outsize rose fastened low, chignon-fashion, on a simple, deep-crowned natural straw, lightly swathed with pale green net

MOST people are familiar with the principles of bottling by the deep pan and the oven methods but here are a few tips which may be helpful.

PRESERVES

MOST fruits can be preserved by either the oven or the deep pan method, whichever is more convenient, although apples, pears, quinces and tomatoes are more satisfactory if done in a deep pan.

If you don't have a fruit bottling outfit a large saucepan or pail can be made to serve the purpose.

With a sterilizing outfit, the chances of bottles becoming damaged is reduced to a minimum. When using a large saucepan or other makeshift sterilizer, place a wooden grid or several folds of corrugated paper beneath the bottles. This prevents a vacuum forming under the base of the bottles. In the case of sterilizing canned fruit, the grid can be dispensed with if the cans are placed on their sides on the base of the pan, ensuring a free circulation of water all round.

Test the rubber rings for elasticity when you buy them. If they feel elastic and will spring back after slight stretching they are all right.

When using the oven method, put the rings and lids in a pan of cold water, and boil for 15 minutes. Put the rings on the jars while the rubber is still hot. Screw bands are often rather difficult to remove when they have been in storage for some time. To prevent this, remove the bands before storing the bottles away, smear them inside with oil and return rather loosely.

A perfectly preserved fruit should retain its shape and flavour and should not develop "mould" at the top, however long it is kept. Mould will appear on the fruit only if the bottle is not completely sealed and airtight. During the warm weather, the jars do not completely cool in twenty-four hours, so testing should be done two or three days after bottling when jars can be safely stored away.

Over-ripe fruit tends to pulp and lose its shape during the preserving process. Fruit that is ripe but firm is ideal for preserving. Do not force the fruit into the jars, but pack in lightly with a minimum of wasted space.

Some fruit tends to lose its flavour when preserved in hot water. Plums, and apples, particularly, retain their full fruit flavour if preserved in syrup instead of plain water. A light preserving syrup can be made by dissolving 1 cup of sugar to 3 cups of water. For a heavy syrup, the proportions should be 1 of water to 1 of sugar. The syrup should always be used boiling hot.

Although the general principles of bottling are well known, it is often difficult to remember the exact details of temperature and cooking time required for different types of fruit.

In the case of deep pan method, the water should be brought slowly to simmering point (185° F), taking not less than 1½ hours, and then simmered for the time stated. For the oven method, the table gives cooking time at 240° F (Regulo ¼).

On the subject of jam making here are some reasons why jam goes wrong.

When mould forms during storage it can be for one of three reasons. Damp is a main cause, so store jam in a dry cupboard and, where possible, on a lower shelf. Warm air rises and the lower half of a cupboard is the coolest. A warm cupboard does not make a good storing place for jam.

Failing to put the waxed disc on the surface of the jam immediately it is potted is another cause of mould, and not filling the pots full with hot jam is another.

When sugar crystals form it may be because too much sugar was used or through cooking the fruit too long before the sugar was added.

Runny jam is generally caused by undercooking, or not simmering the fruit long enough before the sugar is added, or using over-ripe fruit.

Preserving Times

DEEP PAN METHOD

Fruit	*Simmering Time*
Apricots, blackberries, loganberries, raspberries, damsons, gooseberries, rhubarb, greengages ...	5-10 mins.
Apples, currants, cherries, plums	10-15 mins.
Pears, quinces	20 mins.
Tomatoes	30 mins.

OVEN METHOD

Fruit	*Cooking Time*
Apples, apricots, blackberries, loganberries, damsons, gooseberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, rhubarb, greengages, plums	¾-1 hour
Pears, tomatoes	1½ hours

MRS. BEETON'S ANCESTOR

Few Have Heard Of Thomas Tusser, Though Most Are Familiar With His Counsels. A Portrait Of A Sixteenth Century Sage Of The Kitchen

By Gwendoline Mathews

MRS. BEETON is familiar enough to us all, but how many, I wonder, have ever heard the name of the man who wrote about every department of housewifery long before that estimable lady was born, and who composed the first book of domestic economy centuries before the subject had acquired the status of a science? Yet, like *Hamlet*, he is chock-full of everyday quotations. Have you ever talked about "buying a pig in a poke," of "nothing venture, nothing gained," of "February fill-dyke," or "an ill wind that blows nobody any good," of being "a dog in a manger?" Well, for the preservation of all these homely pointed expressions, and many more, you have to thank Thomas Tusser. Never heard of him? But we have all made very good use of him in our time.

Thomas Tusser, Gentleman, was born in Rivenhall, near Witham, Essex, in 1524. He is said to have been educated at St. Paul's School, when Lyly was headmaster there, and was later elected to King's College, Cambridge. After the fashion of the times, Thomas was sent as a chorister to Wallingford Castle, Berkshire, where he complains feelingly of being "ill-treated, ill-clothed and ill-fed." The ill-usage he received there left him "sick," which is hardly surprising and it may be that his passion for a thrifty economy stems from this experience.

Later he became "servaunt"—a type of page-musician—to William, first baron Paget of Beaudesert, with whom he stayed for ten years. Tusser married and shortly afterwards became a farmer at Cattiwade in Suffolk.

At this juncture of his career, Tusser's first book, *Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie*, was published by Richard Tottel. This was followed by *Hundreth Poyntes of Good Husserie*. Subsequently, these two books were "maried" and became *Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandry United to as Many of Good Huswifery*. In later editions Tusser included a kind of autobiographical metrical verse, ingenuously termed, "dyalogue of wyvynge and thryvynge." It is in this Dialogue that he cautions, "look ere thou leap, see ere thou go," and it is to this "good, honest, homely, useful old rymer" that the housewife is indebted for her most cherished grievance that:

"Some respite to husband the weather may send,
But housewives' affairs have never an end,"

an adage good enough to endear him to any woman.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither Tusser's fame nor his fortune appear to have lasted. His wife died at Ipswich, leaving him three sons and one daughter, his third son, Edmond, being baptized at St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Thomas, having told us that:

"The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant, oft changing is loss,"

now proceeded to demonstrate the truth of his own proverb. He is next heard of under the patronage of Sir Robert Southwell in West Dereham, Norfolk; then, as a "singing man" to John Salisbury, Dean of Norwich (afterwards Bishop of Man). From Norwich, Tusser went to Fairsted, Essex.

That the rolling stone gathered insufficient moss is probable since Thomas is next reported as being imprisoned for debt. He died on May 3, 1580, at the age of fifty-six, and was buried in the Church of St. Mildred in the Poultry, London, his epitaph being recorded by Stow. One authority maintains that Tusser's will proves that he was not in poverty at the time of his death. However, contemporary and succeeding writers made many gibes at the expense of this man whose counsels of prudence were not obviously backed by substance.

So ended Tusser, who like another Thomas, also sang for his supper, but instead of "currant bread and butter" had it unkindly said of him that: "He spread his bread with all sorts of butter, but none would stick thereon," and who "teaching thrift, thyself could never thrive." So the world judged him a failure.

Yet, who could despise the man who gave us the refrain that, "Christmas comes but once a year," and who bids the woman of the house to deck it up and to, "provide us good chere"?

It is he that first gives us the rhyme that, "March dust . . . is worth a ransom of gold," and who utters that lovely little truism that from: "Sweet April showers, do spring May flowers."

GARDENING and spring-cleaning are competently handled.

"In March and in April from morning to night,
In sowing and setting good housewives delight.
To have it in their garden or some other plot,
To trim up their house and to furnish the spot."

He bids the careful housewife, "have melons at Michaelmas and parsnips in Lent," and "In June, buttered beans, which saveth fish to be spent."

He discourses wisely on weeding, on lambing, on the joys of harvest and of harvest home, when one may earn the name of "a right husband man," concluding with the homily:

"So wisdom bid keep and provide while we may,
For age creepeth on and Time passeth away."

Poor Thomas Tusser, Gentleman! You surely spoke from a full heart and empty stomach when you taught us that "hunger made the best sauce," and you possibly supplied Polonius with a few ideas when you counselled:

"Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing,
Few lend (but fools)
Their working tools."

Yet it all goes to show the truth of one adage which Tusser did *not* write, that, "An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory."

Everybody Under the Sun...

looks prettier with Elizabeth Arden's preparations

This year it's the bisque look . . . creamy beige, lightly kissed by the sun. You tan gently, delicately. Elizabeth Arden, wise in the ways of skin beauty, gives you the perfect formula for 1951 beauty in the sun — with fragrant preparations that save your face. In other words, guard your beauty!

ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM vanishes on the skin, leaving only an invisible filter for the sun's rays, protecting against scorching, but allowing a gradual tan. 8/4

SUN GOLD POWDER, a lovely burnished golden tone. 12/6, 20/9

STRIKING, Miss Arden's new summer make-up — a pure, intense red. Lipstick 11/9, Cream Rouge 9/3

ARDENA EIGHT-HOUR CREAM soothes and cools skin and lips which have been rendered sensitive by careless exposure. 6/9

SLEEK for hair-free arms and legs. Tubes 10/9

SUMMER ESSENTIALS Keep skin cool and pretty with Ardena Cleansing Cream 9/2, Ardena Skin Tonic 9/3, Orange Skin Food 9/2, Velva Cream 9/2, Velva Cream Masque 19/3

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

The Millionth Chance (*Continued from page 15*)

the skilled eye what she was, a victim of phthisis in a moderately advanced stage of that disease.

But she had fire, magnetism, personality, and that ardent temperament often found in the tubercular.

"Go on," Rowlandson said.

"I got up. I had to tell her. I couldn't wait to morning. I wanted to say 'I love you.' I'd said it to other women, but only to please them, only for my own ends. It never meant anything then. But it meant everything this time.

"I crept along to her cabin. We had a signal—three series of two. I knocked. I saw the light was on. It showed under the door. I knocked again. Then, as I listened with my ear pressed to the door, I heard voices. One was a man's."

He looked from the one to the other, anxiously. Would they believe him?

"Go on."

"I could scarcely believe my ears. I wanted to kick the door in. But that would've brought the night watchman. I waited, listening. After a bit I heard the voices again. I crept back to my quarters. I—I cried. 'O,' I said to myself, 'they're all the same. Strumpets!' But I still wanted her; wanted her more."

"When did you write that note?" Rowlandson asked.

"That'd be about five o'clock. No. A bit before. I'd been lying awake in my bunk, thinking. I wanted to see her alone once more. Not in that cabin. On deck."

"And after abusing her like that, you expected her to come?"

"I knew she'd come."

"How could you know?"

"Ah, sir, I know women. She'd have come out of curiosity. Of course, I knew I was out of the running, that I was nothing in her life. But—well—she could have done anything with me."

This was, Rowlandson considered, a very reasonable alternative explanation to the interpretation put upon that note by counsel at the preliminary hearing.

Most writing, he reminded himself, may be read two ways. Upbraidings are not threats, though subsequent events may father that construction upon them.

"Well, what actually happened?" he asked.

"She came, as I knew she would. We walked to the after end of the promenade deck. We stood there leaning over the guard-rail. You couldn't feel the swell, the sea was that glassy smooth." He paused as though reliving the scene.

"She was like another woman," he resumed.

"How do you mean?" Rowlandson asked.

"Well, sir, she'd been in my arms only a few hours before, saying tender sort of things. And when I reminded her of that and of what had happened in that cabin since, she just laughed. I've acted shameless in my time; but nothing like that. She said, 'Don't be a fool, Jack. You've had your fun, haven't you?'"

"And then?"

"And then she pulled herself up on the guard-rail by a stanchion. 'How dark it is,' she said, looking down.

"'Dawn'll soon come,' I told her.

"'It's so dark it must be hours off yet,' she said.

"'No,' I said, 'Just when it's darkest, that's before day-break. It's like that at sea. I've seen it often before.'

"And as I spoke, I saw a bar of light in the east.

"'Oh, let's see the day break,' she said. 'And then, Jack, we'll call it a day. I'm sorry, Jack,' she said, 'but I've fallen for somebody else.'

"Two bells sounded.

"'Five o'clock,' I said.

"I turned my head in the direction of the bridge. When I looked round she had gone. She must have lost her balance."

He looked from face to face.

"That's God's truth. I loved her." There were tears in his eyes.

THEY discussed the case on their way from the prison.

Rowlandson did not much care for this beefy faced man, the successful solicitor with a large criminal practice.

"It's not difficult to see the weak spot in that story," the solicitor said.

"Perhaps I missed it?"

"Didn't you see? She falls overboard from a ship steady as a billiards table. Not likely! Why, she's not even one over the eight!"

"Then you think him guilty?"

"Don't you?"

"I don't think I do."

"You don't!"

They fell silent. The car weaved its way through the London traffic.

Solicitors in that sort of practice, Rowlandson considered, had an excessively low opinion of human nature. Not that they took up moral attitudes. No. They just swam in a world of crime, like fish in water, nourishing themselves upon it. This fellow, he thought, is completely cynical. He has simply ceased to believe in goodness, in anything or anybody. He assumes the worst like a conditioned reflex—the lie, the tainted motive, blind self-interest.

"I can think at once of a number of plausible hypotheses to account for that fall overboard in a calm sea," he said presently.

"As?"

"She might have had an attack of vertigo. That happens to many people when looking down from high places. They get giddy, lose balance, fall."

"She might have committed suicide."

"I hadn't thought of that possibility."

"I wasn't serious."

"Yet you might well have been."

"What possible motive could she have had—a choice little bit of goods like that, with all the men after her?"

"Haven't you noticed how often suicide is inexplicable?"

"Can't say I've given the matter much thought. But in this case I'd rule it out. Actually, at the moment this looks to me the kind of case where the Scotch verdict of Not Proven fits the bill."

"Perhaps."

They parted at the Temple.

THE prison cell interview left Rowlandson with a powerful inner conviction of Blandy's innocence. The annals of crime, he reminded himself as he walked down narrow Middle Temple Lane, yielded many instances of the malignity of circumstances. Men had, without doubt, gone to the gallows protesting an innocence only too late established beyond all doubt.

But that was in the days when an Old Bailey trial was a rough-and-tumble affair. A wrong conviction in a capital case was, he assured himself, not possible under present-day trial conditions.

So it was that when the Old Bailey jury of eight men and four women, after deliberating for eighty minutes, found Blandy guilty, that Rowlandson was not prepared. He was shocked.

In his final speech for the defence he had not concocted an advocate's argument, had neither glossed those facts that told against Blandy, nor overstressed those that told in his favour.

He had told himself that truth has an inimitable accent. He believed in Blandy's innocence; believed, too, in his own power to communicate that belief: *magna est veritas et prevalabit.*

But he had failed. And the shock of this failure produced in him a revulsion from his profession that was the first step to the later decision to abandon it.

Later, in the Court of Criminal Appeal, he had argued the case under great stress of emotion. It was not a matter of a counsel doing his best for his client and, thereafter, turning, conscious of a duty well discharged, to other professional problems.

No. It had become a personal issue. He felt it to be his mission to convince the higher court of the error of the lower. And it had become psychologically imperative to him to demonstrate the virtual infallibility of British justice where the issue is that of life and death.

He was one man fighting for the life of another; just as one might be fighting to rescue a drowning man in a heavy sea. For that was how the plight of Blandy appeared in his eyes: a man going down in a sea of malignant circumstance.

When the appeal was dismissed the conviction that a miscarriage of justice had been perpetuated became absolute in his mind and obsessional in character. It had on his mind the same sort of grip that afflicts people who have become unhinged by real or imagined wrongs, and whose lives are spent in the futile struggle to secure justice.

Rowlandson had many friends and they were kind. They sympathized, telling him that he had been overworking for years, which was true; that he needed a long rest, which was true, also.

But they neither understood nor plumbed the depths of his feelings.

It was a curious end to a brilliant career. . . .

ROWLANDSON smoked a second cigarette before dressing. He wrote several letters and then set off at a leisurely pace towards the old port. The sun was already powerful in the sky. The sky was brilliant blue. A soft zephyr, flowing out of the valley, feathered the sea upon which, here and there, he saw the red sails of fishing boats.

But already the void created by lack of familiar work was demanding new habits for old.

For over a week now he had been at the same table at the same hour of the morning in the shabby little Café de la Paix. He had discovered a local wine made in the small vineyards of adjacent Cassis. Each morning, having bought his London *Times*, he ordered a half bottle. It was cool and dry, rather like a Rhine wine, he thought, a Rhine wine before being doctored for export.

There were several cafés similar to the Café de la Paix, each with its pre-empted pavé area, small, insecure tables, dubious iron chairs. And any of these would have done as well. But, a creature of habit, Rowlandson behaved in character. He liked the familiar and so sought to make so what was not.

He had bought the previous day's *Times* at a kiosk and was about to open it when a stranger came up.

"I guess you're British?" he said.

"Yes, I am."

He saw a man whose age was not easily guessed. He wore a thick, unkempt beard such as one sees on the hard-bitten seafaring type. His light blue eyes looked forth from eyebrows like tufts of straw. Sun and wind had tanned the face a deep mahogany hue. He wore an ordinary seaman's sweater and faded blue slacks.

"And you're American?"

"Yes, sir. My name's Ira Redvers. Does that ring a bell?"

"Should it?" Rowlandson asked.

"I just guessed it might," Redvers grinned.

He jerked his head towards the basin.

"That's *Miss Slocum*," he said, "the single-master with the girl on the fo'c'sle. I only tied up last night."

"Are you cruising along this coast?"

"Cruising is scarcely my line. Man, I've done twenty-five thousand miles in *Miss Slocum*."

Rowlandson now placed the stranger. Ira Redvers was one of those authentic adventurers who, like Ulysses of old, followed a star, preferring courage cold; contemptuous of the partnership of man and machine.

He had read of the American's almost incredible feats of solo navigation in the single-masted *Miss Slocum* that looked inadequate for even a Channel crossing. It was in this frail craft that he had circumnavigated the globe.

He lay his London *Times*, unread, on the table. (*Continued on page 58*)

Peggy Sage BRINGS PERFECTION TO FINGER-TIPS

Her famous Nail Polish has the flawless lustre of fine jewels . . . a diamond-hard unchippable quality . . . that has no equal

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Helps to protect nails from splitting and prolongs wear of polish.

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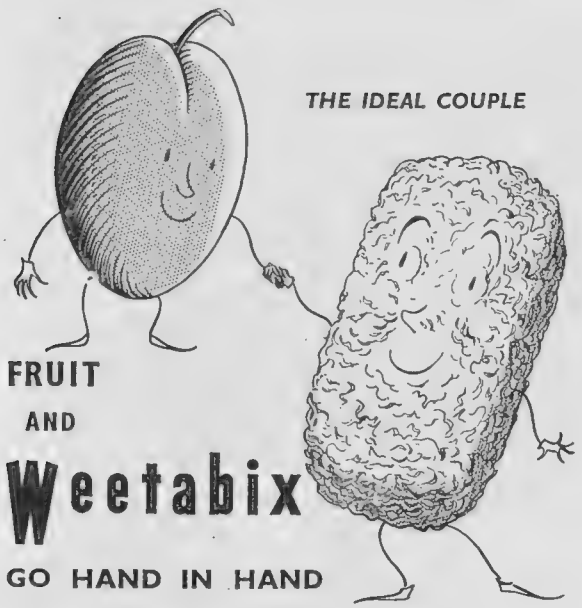

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Weetabix is wonderful with fruit, cooked or uncooked. Give the children Weetabix with fruit and milk and you give them almost a perfect meal—rich in protein and vitamins, generously energy-giving, really nourishing, easily digested. Use Weetabix, too, as a basis for fruit sundaes and trifles, in cooked sweets* and as a crisp and delicious partner to fresh fruit for snacks and picnics. There are so many ways with Weetabix — and all delicious!

FREE SAMPLE AND NEW RECIPE LEAFLET
Write to Mrs. Crisp, 18V Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants for a Free Sample of Weetabix and a copy of her New Recipe* Leaflet containing many more exciting recipes. You'll find *both* useful!

WEETABIX—whole wheat, malt, double sugar and salt—crisply toasted

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"What'll you drink?" he asked.

"Just what you're drinking yourself will suit me," he said. "I've not touched a French port in years. Matter of fact, I'm here now more or less under duress. I'm bang off my proper course." He smiled and Rowlandson saw that his teeth were white and even.

"And where are you from now?" he asked.

"Pernambuco."

"Pernambuco?"

"Brazil, you know."

"Of course."

"How long were you in crossing?"

"Ten weeks. Never knew the Western Ocean less cranky. No trouble all the way."

"Ten weeks in that small craft, and without sighting land!" Rowlandson exclaimed, and there was frank admiration in his voice.

The reticence of the Englishman, his defensive reserve, was outflanked by the engaging frankness of the American. To him it was natural to talk of himself and of his affairs. And presently Rowlandson found himself asking questions, a thing he seldom did outside a court of law.

And because he was adroit through long practise, he soon had in broad outline the other's career.

"I was by way of being a notable pitcher," he said.

"A pitcher?"

"Yep. Baseball. Not your game, is it?"

"Oh, of course. During the war your G.I.s used to play it in Hyde Park. A fast game. I've watched it. London was distinctly interested. Crowds."

"I'll say it is. But I quit. I'd got to the top. And that's where I got out. From the top. That's where you should always get out. And when I can't handle *Miss Slocum* single-handed in a Beaufort ten, then I'll quit the sea."

To receive a confidence, but to give none in return is a form of meanness. For a confidence, always a compliment, is sometimes the giving of a hostage: and hostages should be exchanged.

"It's curious you should have made that remark," Rowlandson said, shyly, "but the fact is I have just done what you did—quit at the top of my form. Quit my profession."

A woman's shrill "Cooee" came over the pavé from the wharf.

"That's my temporary mate calling," Redvers explained. He got up, waved, and signalled his coming.

"And thereby hangs a tale," he added. "I'd like to have told you, but I must be off."

He extended a hard and hairy hand.

Rowlandson liked this American who had suddenly opened up before him the exciting way of life of a man of action, so sharply in contrast with his own.

"Won't you both dine with me this evening?" he asked.

"Why, we'd be glad to," Redvers replied.

"Good! Then say here. Seven o'clock."

EVEN in a post-war France a good dinner is not unobtainable. But it is not cheap. There are still good wines, that is, if the diner cares to pay a price.

The Café de la Paix was shabby and without pretentions. But it was, like so many modest restaurants in France, capable of providing good food and wine.

Rowlandson anticipated the forthcoming dinner with considerable pleasure. Like most men whose lives have been spent between walls, he had a hero-worshipping attitude towards the man who takes the sky and horizon for his house.

He discussed the details of the meal with the maître, selected a wine with care, inspected the liqueur brandy.

Rowlandson waited until half past seven. Then he left the corner table at which they were to have dined, and where he had been waiting. Perhaps, he considered, Redvers had mistaken the hour arranged?

He decided to go across to the *Miss Slocum*.

He called down the companion. There was no answer. He stepped aboard. His weight set in motion a slow roll that was checked by the taut springs that held her snug alongside. How small; how frail, he thought.

He called again. Redvers' voice invited him below. The small saloon had little head room. Redvers sat on the side of his bunk.

Rowlandson had a first impression of a man recovering from a bout of hard drinking. It was corrected at once by the clear voice.

"Sit down," he said. He pivoted a fixed chair. "Sit down. I owe you an apology. I'm sorry, but things have got adrift with me since I saw you this morning."

"Anything I can do?" Rowlandson inquired sympathetically.

"It's that girl."

"Your mate?"

"Yes. She's walked out on me. Just left a note on my bunk and pushed off. Little bitch."

"And after what I've done for her," he added bitterly.

"What was that?" Rowlandson inquired in the voice he used for promising witnesses.

"Hooked her out of the drink," Redvers explained obscurely.

"The drink?"

"Yes. The drink. The sea. The Atlantic Ocean," he explained irritably.

"You mean you picked this girl out of the water more or less in mid-Atlantic?" Rowlandson asked evenly.

"I'm not asking you to believe anything," Redvers said in an irritable tone, "Please yourself. These are the facts. Let me explain. When a man sails a small craft like this single-handed for deep-sea cruising, he can't keep a twenty-four hour watch. He has to sleep sometimes. In fair weather I lash the helm and leave *Miss Slocum* to look after herself. There's simply no other way."

He paused.

"One night about eight weeks ago I was brought up on deck by a sudden tossing. A squall, I thought. But it wasn't. We had got into the wake of a big liner and she was bobbing about like a cork. Then I saw something in the drink. I fished for it with a boat-hook. It was a woman. A girl."

"Yes?" said Rowlandson very quietly. "Yes? Please continue."

"What luck for her! She'd fallen overboard. She'd missed the propellers. She had missed the sharks. And her flimsy frock of silk had trapped enough air to keep her afloat."

"Tell me, did she tell you how she fell overboard?" Rowlandson asked in his even voice.

"Yes, she did. She said she pulled herself up by a stanchion on the guard-rail and just lost her balance. As simple as that."

"Tell me, is her name Carey Dicey?" he asked.

"It is. But how could you possibly know?"

"Never mind that. May I see that note?"

"Yes, sure." Redvers fished in his trousers pocket and brought out a crumpled paper. "Here you are," he said, "The little bitch."

Rowlandson smoothed out the note and read:

> Dear Ira, When you get this I shall be on my way to Monte Carlo. I saw in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* that Laurence Delmar is at Monte. He played opposite me in *Love Is All*. So I hocked my diamond ring and got some clothes and am on my way. I know you'll be sensible. After all, you had your fun, didn't you? So thanks a lot and good-bye from Carey. . . .

Rowlandson handed the note back.

"I've had my fun with women," Redvers said, "but this was different. I loved her. And last night I told her so."

Rowlandson nodded. He had need to be alone. He got up and went.

He walked across the rough pavé to the smooth curved way that marked the arc of the shallow bay until once more he was at the little plage.

A few days since he had had the momentary illusion of La Ciotat as a timeless town. Now he felt himself caught up in the toils of timeless tragedy, the tragedy of man ground between the millstones of circumstance and the divine will.

And he asked of himself those same questions which were posed, but never answered, by the great tragedians of ancient Athens.

And the words of Hector came into his head. He had always been able to memorize without effort; and now they came without trouble, words learned long ago by a brilliant Cambridge undergraduate: "No man against my fate shall send me to my death; but destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped. . . ."

He walked slowly through the dying day. He felt tired, tired and old.

END

Is The Seaside Doomed?

(*Continued from page* 11)

of the Channel, in resorts long denied to them. Catering wages and indifferent food dealt body blows to the Villas Aspidestra of Britain.

But surely, they pleaded, the arrival of the "paid holiday" for millions of workers meant something?

A strange thing happened: the Englishman decided to stop at home!

Was it that full employment and military service broke up the old family party? Children now made enough money to go off on their own holidays. The "day tripper" became the symbol (and the bane) of the old seaside resorts post-war picture.

The great struggle to save enough money for the annual holiday was all part of the fun. Now, with money paid, why not do a few things around the house, learn to know the neighbourhood better? And you could always get a week-end down by the sea if you wanted to.

I do not propose to mention by name the two resorts I have visited this summer, but will content myself with recording that the big question has been the same in both: where are the visitors? In one resort four out of six floors in one big hotel are closed—in the height of summer!

Yet the English seaside resort is, by and large, one of our great amenities and obviously something must be done to preserve it against the day when the pendulum may swing back in its favour.

Not long ago the present Government was told that visitors were being kept away by our licensing laws which made necessary strange places called "bottle parties" (I don't think they were kept away at all, but that is another story). Mr. Chuter Ede, himself a teetotaller, obligingly changed the law, so that you could drink as long as you thought yourself fit to drink and able to pay.

This great blow at D.O.R.A. (the first World War licensing law) was admirable, no doubt, but it only really affected resorts in a square mile or so of the West End of London, as far as visitors' money went.

Why not now some local easing of licensing for recognized resorts?

If the tax-escaping Channel Islands can sell cheaper drink—why not our own Margate, Eastbourne and Southsea?

And above all, why—in this day of gambling on an incredibly vast scale—do we not have casinos at the seaside, restricted, of course, to visitors?

More than one Brighton dignitary in Brighton would like to see the Pavilion put to just such a use.

Perhaps here lies the way of salvation for the English seaside resort now so deeply in the doldrums.

END

Fashions change but the well-dressed woman remains unchanging in her choice of Aristoc stockings to match their elegance against good clothes. And if she loves the finer things of life she asks for Aristoc nylons . . . they put in a rare but regular appearance at most good shops.

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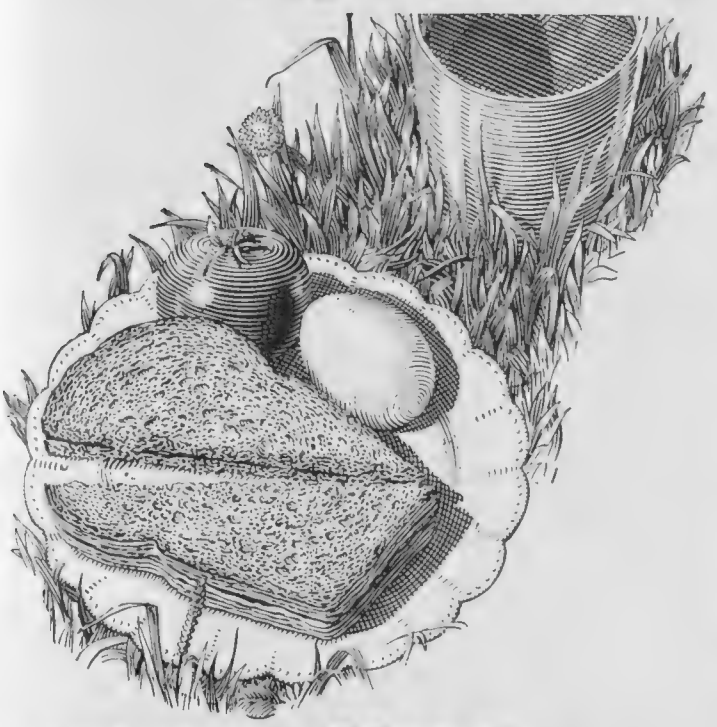
a square meal



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The Macbeth Dagger (*Continued from page 23*)

him shamefully. He would get him to fetch and carry and do tricks just like a poodle. But, as so often happens in cases of this sort, the more Dennis vilified Jimmy, the more Jimmy adored him. He did everything but get down on all fours and lick Dennis's boots for him.

Perhaps the high point of Jimmy's adoration for Dennis was his portrait of Dennis as Macbeth gripping the dagger. As usual, the idea was a bit old-fashioned, but the paint was put on magnificently. The colours, the highlights, were almost worthy of the great Dutchmen. Dennis had never looked more regal, or more murderous. There were touches which you would have thought Jimmy totally incapable of—the modelling of the pulled muscle on the side of the mouth, the tiny point of red flame in the eyeball, and the dagger, all of it, the treatment of the steel, the flicker of the green enamel inlaid in the pommel. It was a remarkable picture.

"Well done, poppet!" approved Dennis Wetherby. "Sir John Millais himself couldn't have done any better!" It was no mean praise, at that, but it wasn't meant as praise. Jimmy wagged his hind-quarters with pleasure. Kathryn, too, thought well of the picture; so well, in fact, that it became a sort of ikon to her. She did everything but light tapers to it. She would have liked to carry it about from room to room, but it was far too big for that. Failing that, the bedroom would have been a good place for it; you spend a good solid part of your life in your bedroom. But Dennis wouldn't hear of it. So she put it up on the landing above the hall. It was rather difficult from then on to miss Dennis Wetherby as Macbeth.

Dennis Wetherby as Dennis Wetherby was another matter. He was home at "Lechlade" a good deal less nowadays. There was probably nothing in the rumours that connected his name with this actress and that society woman, and it was obvious, whenever he returned to "Lechlade," he still adored Kathryn. But he was hardly ever at home. He was an extremely busy man.

So Kathryn and Jimmy consoled each other for the absence of Dennis. I don't mean that they had an affair. One did not have an affair with Jimmy Brennan. The idea was grotesque. But they talked to each other about Dennis. How they talked! They talked about his face, and his voice, and his acting, and his table-tennis, and his neckties. They became rather a bore about him. But it didn't do anybody any harm, after all. You could develop a sort of deaf-spot on your ear-drum to chit-chat about Dennis. So they went on talking about him, and people kept on coming down to "Lechlade"; above all, Jimmy, of course. He became almost as much of a fixture as the cocktail bar, or his own painting of Dennis as Macbeth.

The next episode that is to be recorded in this story is a tragic one. In fact, it is the death of Dennis Wetherby. The verdict returned by the coroner was Death by Misadventure, and there was no reason to doubt the justice of the verdict. It happened about two years after his marriage. Dennis had come back to "Lechlade," hoping to give himself respite for a week or two, between a play he had just finished, and a film he was scheduled to begin. He was heading for a breakdown, if he had not already got there. Everybody could see it plainly, including Dennis himself. So he was looking forward to his little rest immoderately. So was Kathryn, of course. Although she was miserable to see him such a bundle of nerves, for her part she was looking forward to mothering him as she had never been able to mother him before, for till now he had had the constitution of an ox.

But alas, he had been home for no more than a couple of days when Kathryn found him stretched out beside her in a coma. It was only too grievously obvious what had happened. He had his phial of sleeping tablets beside him, and he had taken an overdose. There was absolutely no reason to suspect suicide or any other sort of foul play. The Coroner said sourly that doctors should see to it that their patients were only allowed access to their sleeping draughts a pill or two at a time. You get up in the middle of the night. You are aching for sleep, but your eyes are like gravel. You forget you have already been dosed. You forget what your dose is. You take four, six, eight tablets, still thinking you are taking only two. You are done for.

More dead than alive, Kathryn dialled the bedside house phone. There was no reply. The servants were in a dead stupor; perhaps they were drunk. She managed to drag herself to the door, and give the alarm. Some of her house guests were the first to reach her. They feared they would have two corpses on their hands, not one. The household was awakened, the doctor was summoned. There was no helping Dennis, but they managed to bring Kathryn round. It was feared for a time she would never recover from her shock.

What made things worse was the fact that little Jimmy Brennan was away from "Lechlade" that week-end, the first week-end that had happened for a long time. He had had to go up on urgent family business to Northumberland, but he came back post-haste the moment he was contacted. He was invaluable. Never had he been so superbly a "poppet." It is unthinkable what would have happened to Kathryn if there had been no Jimmy Brennan. The Northumberland business went by the board. Jimmy devoted himself entirely to Kathryn.

He was particularly helpful over the stained-glass window that Kathryn put up to the memory of Dennis in the ancient parish church where they had been married. There must certainly have been some beautiful glass in the windows centuries ago, but it had been destroyed by the Puritan zealots, and the windows were now either bad modern stuff or plain glass. It was touching to see Kathryn and Jimmy side by side on their knees, their eyes fixed adoringly on the Dennis Wetherby window. It was enough to bring tears to your eyes.

When they were not on their knees looking at Dennis, they were at "Lechlade" talking about him. For Jimmy had loved Dennis devotedly, only just less than Kathryn herself. So the old routine started again. Dennis, Dennis, Dennis! It became necessary once again to develop that deaf spot on the ear-drum. After all, there comes a time when you should stop boiling up the bones of your dead husband (or wife) for soup.

Then, at long last, Jimmy woke up one morning to find that the Dennis mumbo-jumbo had become too much for him, too. He suddenly realized he had disliked Dennis for a long time, deep down. He began to remember things he had resolutely kept out of his mind; for instance, how it was Dennis who had first called him a "poppet." He ground his teeth with rage. Of course, he didn't let Kathryn know about his change of heart. He told one or two of his closest friends, or he would have exploded, but he did not utter a breath to Kathryn. She relied on him too much. He would sooner have shot himself than let her down.

For, of course, he was in love with Kathryn. He had been in love with her all along. Within a year of the death of Dennis, he had proposed to her, and she had accepted him. She married him because he, too, loved Dennis. (Or so she thought.) He was a bouquet of flowers on his grave.

Jimmy had several reasons for wanting to marry Kathryn, some of which were obvious. One was less obvious. It was his way of getting his own back on Dennis. Of course, he continued to do lip-service to the dead man. He got more fun out of it that way. Dennis was dead, as dead as a crushed black beetle. He, Jimmy, might not be as handsome, or clever, as Dennis had been. But he was alive, alive from crown to toe. Sometimes, in the privacy of his own bathroom, he would laugh his head off. Every night when everyone else had gone to bed and he thought he was unobserved, he would shake his fist at the face he had once painted so devotedly, and stick his tongue out at it.

An ikon, someone had once called the Macbeth portrait. The sacerdotal note became even stronger, now that Dennis was dead. For Kathryn had a huge oak chest installed on the landing, just under the picture, and crammed it with all the costumes she could collect that Dennis had worn in his most famous parts—Dennis as Richard the Second, Dennis as Cyrano, as Macbeth, as Oedipus. It was a regular reliquary. Jimmy was small, and he could not reach up to spit at the face in the portrait. But he could spit on the oak chest. It was not an edifying spectacle.

Of course, it got around how Jimmy was behaving. Everybody got to know sooner or later, excepting, apparently, Kathryn. No one would have dreamed of telling her. It would have distressed her horribly, and it would have done little Jimmy no good at all. People used to peep behind curtains or through the chinks of doors to catch a view of Jimmy doing his nightly hate. Some people said the very picture was becoming aware of Jimmy's performance. They said the red flame in the eyeball glared more malevolently, and the knife gleamed as if it was real steel, poised to strike. But that was absolute nonsense, of course.

Then, early one morning, the house was awakened by a crash of falling crockery and one loud, prolonged scream. Then there was silence. When people got to the landing they found two inert bodies. One belonged to a parlour-maid, and was surrounded by the debris of an early morning tea-tray she was bringing up. The other belonged to Jimmy Brennan, fully-clothed, lying on his face, the enamelled handle of a dagger sticking up between his shoulder-blades. It was the Macbeth dagger, the one that had been painted so cunningly by the same man that now lay transfixed with it. The blood from the wound mingled with the spilt tea from the broken tea-pot. The weapon had been abstracted from the property-chest under the portrait. The other contents had not been disturbed.

It was a wretched business, for everyone in the house was under suspicion. It might, of course, have been done by an outsider, for no doors were locked and no windows bolted in that happy-go-lucky house. There were quite a few people outside "Lechlade" who knew where that dagger was kept. But what was the motive for the crime? Who hated Jimmy so much as to murder him? No clue was found, not a finger-print, not a foot-print, nothing. It was one of those uncanny murders. You could almost persuade yourself that the murderer was Dennis Wetherby himself, or rather his ghost, getting his own back on the living man who had mocked him and spat at him, thinking him safely dead. But it is a hefty sort of ghost that can plunge a dagger up to the hilt between a man's shoulder-blades. A verdict was returned of "Murder by a Person or Persons Unknown."

This second tragedy very nearly took Kathryn to her grave. She refused to see anybody but an old aunt for months and months. Nobody had realized how tremendously fond she had become of little Jimmy; how fond they only realized when she put up a second stained-glass window in the parish church in memory of her second husband. For months and months that was the only outing she allowed herself, to go down, heavily-veiled, to the village church, and get down on her knees, and contemplate the two sad windows.

The process of recovery was slow, but soon after the beginning of the second year following Jimmy's death, she began to let people come up again for week-ends at "Lechlade." It took a long time for anything of the old sparkle to return, but gradually things began to liven up. Kathryn was, after all, still a young woman, and a hospitable one, with a good deal of money to dispose of somehow. She could not go on wearing widow's weeds (*Continued on page 62*)

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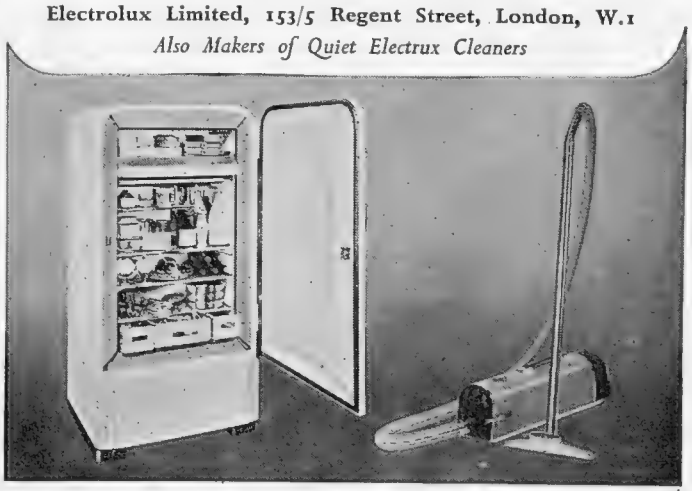

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for ever. In the autumn of that year she married again, Geoffrey Colegrave, the poet, a big-boned, amiable fellow with blonde hair and blue eyes, rather the Newfoundland type. He was devoted to Kathryn, he was partial to old brandy, and he wrote delicate little nature-poems. The marriage was as successful as any of their friends dared hope. He flatly refused to go and kneel in the church, in an ecstasy of contemplation of the two stained-glass windows dedicated to the memory of his predecessors. When Kathryn went down, he would stay behind and sip brandy. But apart from that he was wonderful to her.

It was not till the sixth month after the marriage that Geoffrey really showed what a first-rate fellow he was. For, as if Fate had not already treated Kathryn shabbily enough, the wretched woman had a stroke. She lost the use of her lower limbs completely, and from then on she spent most of her time in her bed, apart from short spells in a wheeled chair. Geoffrey tended her night and day. The parties stopped completely. He was her slave. Poor Kathryn, she had little enough left in her life now, just the memories of her first two husbands, and the devotion of the third.

As time went by, Jimmy slipped more and more completely out of her mind. Which was not surprising, for in most ways he had been a dim little man. Her thoughts were more and more with Dennis Wetherby. When she asked that the Macbeth portrait and the property-chest should be transported from the landing to the bedroom, where she could gaze on them from her pillows, it did not occur to Geoffrey to utter a word of protest. He would sip brandy, and she would lie and gaze on the portrait, for hours and hours. Then she discovered another solace. She had copies by her bedside of the dramatic authors who had provided Dennis with some of his most illustrious rôles, Shakespeare, Shaw, Rostand, etc., and she began to while away an occasional hour by declaiming one or other of the famous speeches. She could always read well, and she now read more beautifully than ever before. Naturally, she liked to have an audience. What actor does not? In her case it was a very restricted one, just Geoffrey. He would take the small parts which sometimes give a breathing space in the longer speeches, and he read well enough. She also liked him to take out of the chest, and hold out before her, one or two pieces of the costume which Dennis had worn during his rendering of the character they were for the time being concerned with. She might even have asked Geoffrey to wear them, except for the fact that Geoffrey was a much bigger man than Dennis had been, and he would have split the costumes at the seams.

It was upon a certain warm evening in late spring that Kathryn opened her Shakespeare at the third act of Richard the Second, and, while she turned the pages, signalled to Geoffrey to go over to the chest and extract Richard's tunic. As she began to declaim the lovely lines, a blackbird was fluting deliciously in an elm beyond the lawn, and the scent of lilac and laburnum came in gusts through the open window. She went on:

for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp . . . .

As she read, Geoffrey stepped quietly over to the chest, lifted the lid and leaned it back against the wall, then started rummaging for the Richard costume. He had been asked to extract the garment several times before, and on those earlier occasions he had found it enough to display before her the red tunic with its long, dagged sleeves. She had not asked, and he had not sought for anything more than that. But on this occasion a curiously complete picture presented itself in his mind of Dennis Wetherby as Richard the Second, for he had seen the flesh and blood performance several times. With startling vividness he saw the dead actor wearing not only his tunic, but the other elements in the conventional Richard attire, the roundel-hat, the pointed shoes, the gauntlets. It was upon the gauntlets that his memory fastened. Lemon-yellow they had been, richly embroidered above the knuckles. Casually he found himself rummaging for them among the crammed garments. This was the roundel-cap, wasn't it? These were the pointed shoes. Where were the gauntlets?

Kathryn was rendering:

As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king. . . .

Oh, at last! Here the gauntlets were!

"Here they are!" he muttered, half under his breath.

"What's that? Here's what?" Kathryn called out, for Geoffrey had no habit of uttering even a single syllable while she was in full voice.

He held the gauntlets up to her.

"I just thought——" he started. Then he stopped. He saw the look of fury in her eyes. The book had dropped from her hands. Her hands were clawing towards him as if they would be about his throat, if she had had the limbs to carry her over to him.

"Put them away!" she yelled raucously. "Do you hear me? Put them away!"

But no man, not even so easy-going a creature as Geoffrey Colegrave, can obey a request delivered in such a voice, by a woman whose eyes are wild with fury. He held the gauntlets up before him. There seemed no reason why they should so dreadfully vex the woman. What was wrong with them? A moment later he thrust his hands into them. The fingers could not penetrate far because in each glove there was an obstacle. A finger and thumb fastened on the thing in each gauntlet, and brought it forth. In each hand he held a glove, a fine-quality woman's glove.

He looked towards her: She was quiet, dead quiet. The fury had gone out of her eyes. She was watching intently, like an animal crouched at the entrance of her lair.

He held the gloves before him by the tips of their fingers. They were hers. There could be absolutely no doubt of that. Not only because their style and size and quality were those of the gloves she had always worn. But because she would not have raised such a clamour if she had not known they were there. Yes, she had known they were there. She had hoped they would remain concealed there.

Why had she thrust her gloves into the gauntlets? It was an odd thing to do. Why had she done it? The question battered at his temples. Was it possible she had worn them on some occasion when it had been necessary to leave no imprint of her bare fingers? Then looking round swiftly for a place to hide them in. . . . Suddenly, as if the painted portrait had the power to slew his head round upon his neck, he found his eyes fastened upon the image of the Macbeth dagger. The green enamel in the chased pommel flared and flickered like lizards among rocks.

He turned to her, awareness of the truth already flooding him like salt water in the lungs of a man who has dived deep, too deep, below the decent light of day.

She was very quiet. A soft smile played about the corners of her lips.

"You're quite right," she murmured. "Jimmy was so *silly*. I *had* to. He was *such* a bore. That was the only place I could think of for the time being." A forefinger indicated the gauntlets, and the gloves. "I should have got rid of them a long time ago. But one just didn't. And then"—she looked down at her useless limbs—"and then one couldn't."

There was a question in his tormented eyes. He could not bring himself to ask it, or to utter any word at all.

"Oh yes, oh yes," she went on. "Dennis, too. Poor dear Dennis. *He* was silly in his own way, *so* silly. He thought he was the only person in the world who could act. He wasn't, was he? I've not made so bad a job of it, have I, Geoffrey? It was easier to get rid of Dennis, of course. The sleeping-draught—you remember?" She paused. There was silence for some moments.

"What?" she resumed. "Aren't you going to say anything? All in good time, I suppose?" Her voice was quite friendly. He was as silent as a dead thing. She, too, became silent again, and remained so for quite a long time. Then she spoke again.

"I liked them to be artists," she said. "First an actor, then a painter, then. . . . Ha! Ha!" She laughed outright. "You're really rather lucky, you know," she assured him. "You're an artist of sorts yourself, aren't you? Oh dear, what a pity!" A new thought had occurred to her. "There are still one or two plain glass windows in the parish church. A little more stained-glass would have looked *so* pretty. Ah well!" she sighed. "Are you going to do a bit of telephoning? Another brandy? Or may *I* mix you a drink, perhaps? No? You think not? Yes, I quite understand."

END

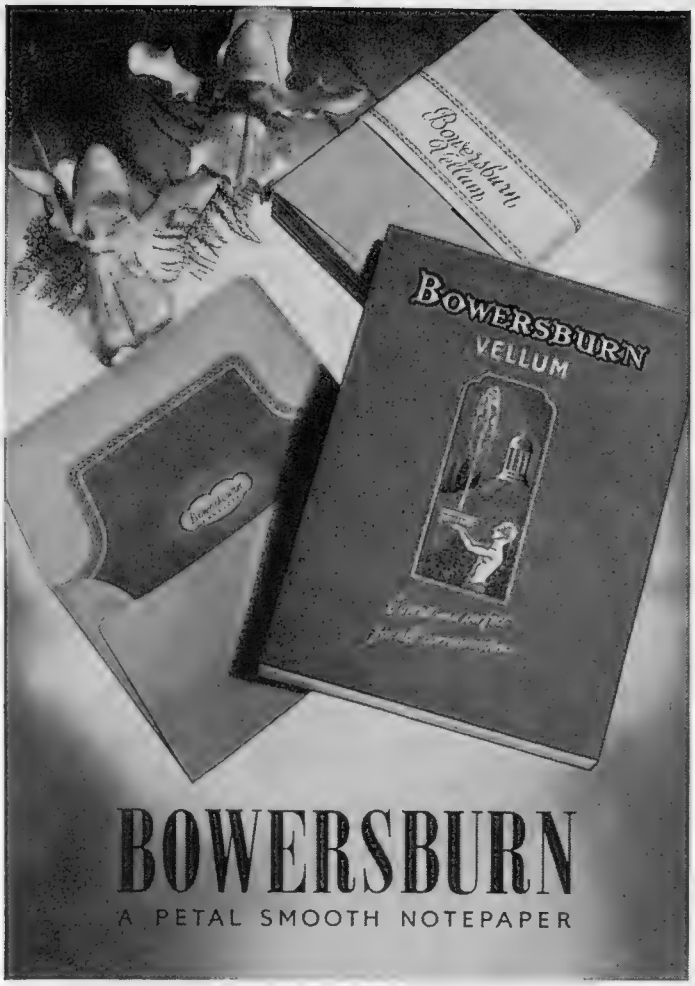
Shopping By Sedan (*Continued from page 21*)

from the old Female Prison completed about 1780 by John Carr; and an extension is now being made into the adjacent Debtors' Prison of the same period. The old-time "streets" are part of the prisoners' exercise court, the various "shops" were originally cells, and scratched crudely on their walls are pathetic inscriptions. The office of the Curator was at one time the condemned cell—with the drop just over his threshold. In this once macabre setting there now lives a gentler and more felicitous spirit. It animates the social and domestic life of our forefathers, faithful in every detail from half-timbered house and coaching inn down to four stuffed sparrows on shop sign and lamp-post.

Dr. J. L. Kirk's original nucleus of "bygones" has been developed in three ways. First came the authentic reconstruction of various *interiors*: rooms with the fourth wall missing. For examples, a moorland cottage kitchen with flagged floor and peat fire, with crude benches and utensils—there is a "Wuthering Heights" atmosphere about it, and we can almost see Heathcliff glowering in its darkest corner. On a higher social level is the Victorian drawing-room: the shades of the Barretts hover in this nightmare of antimacassars, mottoes, silhouettes, aspidistras and every conceivable object that can be stuffed, beaded or frilled. There are also a Georgian room with its elegant bow window, its Chippendale furniture and Adam decorations, its chaste silverware, its candles and *bijouterie*; an Elizabethan panelled chamber, in which oak settles and carved chairs are ranged beside a refectory table bearing flagons and punch bowls, and four-foot logs are stacked ready to blaze in the great open fireplace. . . .

From these developed the second stage—the two *old-time streets*, Kirkgate and Alderman's Walk, which set up in harmonious relationship a number of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century shop fronts, all displaying their one-time wares. The latest development, now completed in Princess Mary Court and recently opened by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, combines both *interior and exterior* in a further community of shops. In this newest street, behind its period windows filled with treasures and delicacies of the past, we perceive the interiors—and their craftsmen and shopkeepers at work. So, as intruders from the twentieth century, we are now shown a three-dimensional and most solid vision of a world such as was once peopled by our Georgian and Regency ancestors.

By an artful touch, one first glimpses these streets—which are the *piéces de résistance* of the entire collection—from a sudden surprise angle. Proceeding (*Continued on page 64*)



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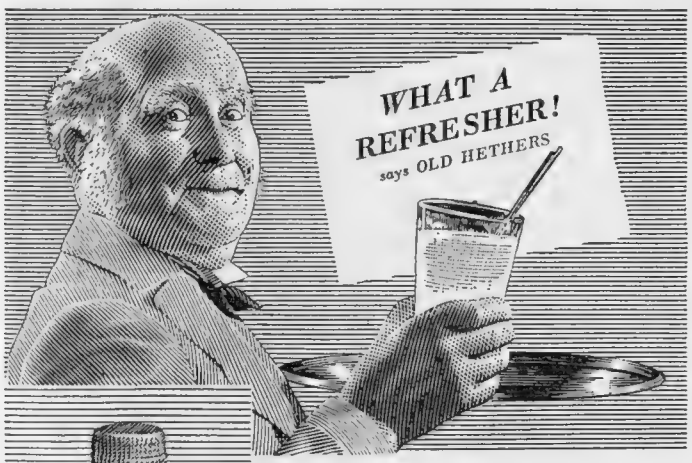

. . . the word has different meanings. But when I use it, I mean a drink that a thirsty man pines for when he's got a mouth as parched as a lime kiln. Which means, of course, Robinson's Barley Water. Its cool smoothness is so refreshing, a regular tonic as well as a drink.

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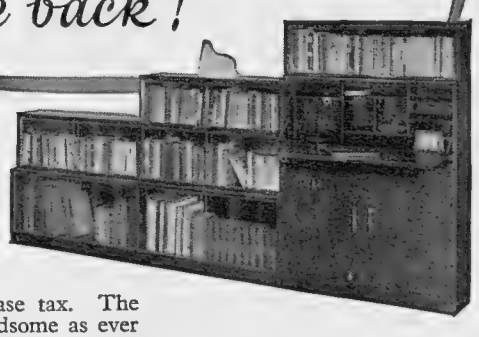

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by way of the first floor, and past Valentines, fans, snuff-boxes, police truncheons, fireplaces, treen, butter moulds, shepherds' crooks, flutes and virginals, flails and cheese presses, one is suddenly spellbound by a downward view.

Below, seen through a graceful Regency window, are a cobbled street, houses and shops straight out of Dickens, a serenity and charm once recorded by Jane Austen and the author of *Cranford*. But is it of their period? Here is a hansom cab of the daredevil nineties, there a sedan chair of some powdered and peruked lady of a century before, elsewhere a four-in-hand that marks the transition and the age between. The truth is that in these old streets, as in all old streets, all these periods are at home.

Main feature of Kirkgate is the Elizabethan house. Originally a butcher's shop in High Street, Stamford, it was taken down piecemeal and re-erected here. Its little balcony and leaded panes are pleasant details that first catch your eye. Nearer, you are fascinated by its warped oak pillars, its general lack of plumbness, its squirrel cage fitted with musical box, and by its great treasure chest with heavy bars and locks. What scares induced by plague and fire, thieves, insurgents and Civil War discords, this family chest alone must have witnessed!

Side by side nearby are the pewter shop and the coppersmiths. The Regency window of the former comes from Bath. Behind it you will see jugs, flasks and plates that were the mode before silver and glass; oil lamps and candlesticks that lit the seventeenth century to bed; flagons and tankards that must have seen many a carousal when ale was "a mighty brew" (and alongside is a wooden mallet for reshaping dents in the tankards, just to show what a roaring time the boys used to have). The coppersmiths' window seems all a blaze of sunlight, with its jugs and kettles, its coffee pots and tea urns and the muller for warming ale. These two shops, and the silversmiths' in Alderman's Walk where is perhaps the finest display of all, demonstrate the great beauty of old English metalwork and the skill of its early craftsmen. Past such shops the cultured and wealthy of an irredeemable age still seem casually to flow, in carriage or sedan or leisuredly afoot.

Peter Pickering the apothecary has something for everybody's ills. In such a shop, de Quincey and Coleridge might have purchased their laudanum, and Keats might, as an apprentice, have pounded cuttlefish bone with his pestle and mortar. Here are potions and cordials, "rotten apple water for sore eyes," swashbuckling surgical instruments, leeches for blood-letting, and "for ye Ague—Snails beaten with Bay Salt and Mallows, to be applied to ye Feet." This shop is typical of how all are reconstructed from authentic materials. The shop front came from old Bridlington; the sign frame from a tavern in the same town; the lead spout heads and fall pipes from York; the druggists' jars from Stamford; and the medicine bottles once belonged to Dr. Burton, the Dr. Slop of Sterne's *Tristam Shandy*. The lamp standard outside the shop is from Carlisle; the lamp from St. John's College, Oxford; the gas lighter apparatus from York. It is not known where the four sparrows originated, but here they have finally come to rest, giving a pretty touch of verisimilitude to the street.

So in a trance of delight you saunter past the haberdasher's, the toyshop and the snuff-selling tobacconist who is also a barber-surgeon! At one end of Kirkgate is G. Pomfret's glass-shop with its glittering array of bowls and goblets, wine glasses, witch-balls and smugglers' bottles. At the opposite end of Alderman's Walk is the dramshop of William Whincup, with its Bacchic porcelain casks; and next door, the purveyors of fragrant Hyson and Broken Pekoe tea from green and red canisters that glow like oriental lanterns in the setting sun.

Princess Mary Court, with its bow-fronted shop windows reclaimed from many old

Shopping By Sedan

English towns, is a skilfully integrated shopping centre of Georgian and Regency atmosphere. Some of its brickwork comes from the eighteenth-century Debtors' Prison, attributed to Vanbrugh. Joseph Terry's windows display the confections of more than a century ago—sugar twists, humbugs, black bullets, amorously worded conversation lozenges, pink mice and white doves, sherbets and silvered cake decorations, all made by an octogenarian confectioner to the original recipes. Next door is Henry Hindley, clockmaker, and among his elegant timepieces for beau and coquette, you will see his own famous circular dividing machine and brass sundial. Outside the shops of the cordwainer and the saddler are the state carriage of the Earl of Mansfield (1705–93), and a spanking curricle.

Thos. Cooke, the optician, displays in his Georgian window from Aylesbury, magic lanterns, early spectacles, a planetarium, telescopes and a pantograph. For the ladies there are garments rich and strange in the windows of Leak and Holmes' drapery shop—purple velvet gowns and silk fringed shawls, button boots of satin, parasols, muffs and flower-decorated fans. The musical are well served by the Knaptons, who display amongst Victorian sheet music and concert programmes such instruments as zithers and serpents, musical boxes and recorders.

And, as though to give proportion to all this charm and gaiety arrayed in shop windows of red and gold and emerald green, there stands the sober grey shop-front of William Alexander, Quaker bookseller and publisher. His tracts for the times must have seemed solemn enough then, but now—bless him!—amidst all this colour and spectacle which seems so alien to us in an austerity age, cheerfulness will keep breaking in.

The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by courtesy of the Curator, Castle Museum, York.

END

The Sacred Isle (*Continued from page 24*)

his views in the sweat of his brow and the pinch of the D.M.P. anti-midge preparation. But the water of the evening tide is warm and caressing on the crescents of granite and red-sandstones and the basking sharks cruising offshore feed on plankton and mean no harm.

There will come days of wind and rain, to refresh the air and bring down the rising mercury, though the colours remain subdued and lustreless. In September the short-lived purple conflagration of ling bloom sweeps the heaths and burns down to maroon embers. Then the autumn arrives in red, gold and brown. A tumult of cloud will break loose over the mountain tops, or else the days will be still, crystal-clear and wide-brimmed, so that from the summit of Goatfell the eye can roam over sea and land from the Ulster coast to the fells of England and the massed hills of central and western Scotland.

The Arran Cuillin assumes the sombre, stark hues of indigo and damson, rising in threatening steepness above the rusty-red bracken and the dull brown and umber heaths, and the birches stand in the shimmer of old gold over the swirling burns that gleam dark blue away from the sun. The pastures are still green, as green indeed they will be throughout the winter, and here and there the stacks of corn stand among the yellow stubble. In the corries the red Arran stags roar defiance to rivals. The shadows are already cool, even though it may be scorchingly hot in sunshine. This is the time to see Arran.

Winters are wet, windy and muggy. The glen paths are streaming with water and the peaty soil of the high moors soaks in moisture like a sponge. Severe frosts are rare owing to the proximity to the warm seas of the Atlantic Drift, and so are heavy snowfalls; even then the snow seldom maintains itself for long, except possibly on the northern hills. In general the climate of Arran is mild and some species of palm flourish along the coast, especially in the south, where many rare plants are found.

The winter is the season of gales, when the restless sea foams and frets along the shore and the mailboat fails to make port in the morning. In mid-March there will come a fortnight of fine weather, known as the "little summer," and again the north-westerly winds will take over and worry the Kilbrannan Sound that divides Arran from the low Kintyre, and the deep bay of Loch Ranza. Yet there will be catkins on the saugh and the whins will be a mass of yellow flowers, bluebells and primroses will come out in the woods and on the wet scarps, and sea thrift will show pink bud. By the end of May the spring will have lit the tardy green candles of the ash trees, and, though there may still be a cold spell in store, its task is done.

Arran is only some twenty miles by eight. Yet this small area contains an amazing diversity of scenery and conditions, to suit almost any taste.

The so-called Highland Line passes roughly through the middle of the island, and geology and scenery on its two sides are totally dissimilar. To the north rugged granite mountains rise in Goatfell to 2,866 feet straight above the sea and occupy the whole of the interior. The Old Slates encase the granite "boss" like an onion peel, forming the substratum of the northern and north-western coastal scene. Next comes the Old Red Sandstone exposed along some of the western and eastern coast, with its cliffs, scarps and boulders, ranging from dragon's blood and lilac to grey in colouring. Carboniferous deposits of sand- and limestone (very little coal) complete the geological picture. In the south the rocks are mainly carboniferous and Triassic with numerous igneous outcrops of Tertiary age. Some granite occurs near the site of an old volcanic vent south of the String Road which corresponds roughly to the main line of geological division, but there is no slate and no Old Red in this part of the island. Its hills are subdued and fully a thousand feet lower than the northern ranges.

An outstanding feature of Arran's scenery and configuration is the so-called Thousand-foot Platform, whose actual height varies from 500 to 1,200 feet above sea level. This platform is the result of prolonged marine erosion prior to the uplift of the land. Being of relatively recent elevation, it has been but little sculptured by running water and heaves up in a solid block that spreads in a clearly-perceptible shelf round the northern mountains and fills the interior of south Arran. This is a region of barren moorland of small economic value, save for peat and grazing, uninhabited and inexpressibly sad on a dull day. The coastline is fringed by three tiers of raised beaches, attesting to the continued upward movement of the land, and alluvial flats have formed at the mouths of the streams.

The population is confined almost entirely to this coastal strip and the adjacent parts of the glens. Alluvial soil is fertile and the shelly loams of the raised beaches also bear fair crops. The main agricultural district of the island is about Shisken, in the south-west, but there is some good farmland along both the east and the west coasts, near Corriecravie, Kildonan, Whiting Bay, Lamlash, Corrygills, Loch Ranza and Pirnmill.

The lines of communication are likewise largely limited to the coastline; there are only two roads crossing Arran from east to west. Before the second half of the nineteenth century there were hardly any roads at all, so that practically all communication was by sea, and east and west had little direct contact. This situation is still reflected in the marked difference of character between the two sides of Arran and its division in two parishes, Kilbride and Kilmorie, whose boundary runs over the high ground along the longer axis of the island.

It is in the east that we find the main tourist centres: Brodick, Lamlash and Whiting Bay, with their uprush of spurious modernity. Loch Ranza and Corrie in the north-east are (*Continued on page 66*)

1851 THE GREAT EXHIBITION 1951

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somewhat quieter and more old-fashioned; but the west is agricultural and patriarchal. At Balliekine the medieval runrig system of cultivation survived until the thirties of our century; and at Pirnmill white-fish fishing has found its last refuge, after the only remaining smack of the once-numerous Loch Ranza fleet was sold in 1948; though there are many part-time fishermen who still go out to sea in good weather here and there in the island.

The population of Arran has fluctuated a great deal in recent times, having reached its peak of 6,000 in the nineteenth century. This was the time of agricultural reforms, enclosures and clearances, during which many Arran folk crossed the seas to the Empire countries, mainly Canada. In 1829 the entire population of North Sannox was evicted by the Duke of Hamilton, the principal landowner, to make room for sheep. In that year twelve families sailed for Quebec on board the brig *Caledonia*, of 196 register tons, and four families followed a few weeks later. The Arran emigrants settled in the Megantic County of Quebec, where they were joined by later comers. They made fine pioneers, and, after some initial difficulties, the Arran settlement prospered.

Half their fare was paid by the Duke and free land was allotted by the government. In extenuation of the undoubted harshness of this clearance, it may be said that Arran's modest economic possibilities were insufficient to provide a decent living standard for its growing population, and the recent prosperity has been largely due to the development of tourist trade. Even so the economy of the island is badly balanced and many people tend to lean too much on the proceeds of the summer letting.

Past history of Arran has been chequered, though but little is known of the earlier times. Both the long cairns and the short kists (i.e. chests or coffins) of the vanished races are scattered over the moors and miniature Stonehenges, whose purport is not wholly clear, stand sentinel over the ancient graves, notably at Tormore. There are also traces of walled villages and Celtic monasteries, while foundations of old duns are spaced along the coastal heights. The castles of Brodick (the present residence of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose—née Duchess of Hamilton), Loch Ranza and Kildonan belong to the historic period, though the dates of their foundation are uncertain and they were in any case razed to the ground and rebuilt on several occasions. The two last-named castles are in ruin and cabbages sprout on the Kildonan keep, but the Brodick Castle was renovated and embellished in 1844, when it lost its warlike mien.

Arran's earliest connections were with Ireland, but sometime in the tenth century it fell into Norwegian dependency; and remained part of the Kingdom of Norway until after the Battle of Largs in 1263. It lay, however, on the fringe of Viking power, and, although there are many Norse place-names in the island, these are nothing like so numerous as farther north, and Norse colonization has left little trace on the physical type of the islanders.

In the Scottish times Arran passed out of the main stream of history and no great fleets anchored in its waters, though it played a part in the Anglo-Scottish wars and sheltered King Robert the Bruce before his departure for the Carrick coast that was to lead him to the celebrated Battle of Bannockburn. Later events make a sad reading of petty feuds, slaughters and pillages, with intermittent English occupation, but all of it does not add up to much except the increasing misery of the inhabitants. The Union of the Crowns brought peace on the border and more settled conditions, and gradually—very gradually—a recovery set in. Roads were built and schools; black-houses gave way to chimneyed white-washed cottages; sanitation and agriculture improved; and, finally, the tourist rush tilted the traditional crofter-fisherman economy more and more to the side of catering for visitors and ancillary pursuits. Whether all of it was to the good is difficult to say.

END

Have Fakes A Future?

(*Continued from page 12*)

picture's drawing, texture and harmony of colour.

Thus did M. Vlaminck, misinterpreted or mis-reported, vindicate himself; and this particular affair turned out to be just a storm in an artistic teacup. All the same, it touched on issues quite important for the art world—for if an artist can't tell his own pictures from fakes, who can? And in its suggestion of the confounding of the expert—for, again, who is a greater expert on a picture than the artist who painted it? I rubbed the art fraternity on a highly sensitive spot.

Realization that the expert can be confounded—and that the art expert has recently, for all his erudition, been utterly, disastrously confounded—adds interest to the Vlaminck episode. It is not fifteen years ago that the Dutchman, Han van Meegeren, perhaps history's greatest picture-forger, started hoodwinking the world with his Vermeers that were not Vermeers. Now the story of this most talented and misguided of painters is interestingly told by John Godley in *The Master Forger*. (Home and van Thal, 9s. 6d.)

Van Meegeren died at the end of 1947, aged fifty-eight, a bankrupt, a convicted criminal, a self-confessed forger, yet in his cherished aim of hoaxing the pundits and the experts, a man who had achieved success beyond his wildest dreams. From his eight faked "Old Masters" (six Vermeers and two de Hoochs, which sold to their final buyers for £763,000) he amassed a fortune of over £500,000. And, ironically, what led to his unmasking was not suspicion of his fakes but doubts about his patriotism.

This extraordinary Dutchman was launched on his forger's career by a burning sense of frustration at what he considered was his unfair neglect by the critics. Through years of artistic obscurity he nursed his dreams of revenge against them and of world fame for himself. And around 1932, when he was forty-three, he conceived his plan—to fake one great "Old Master," have it accepted by the world and then tell the shattering truth about it. (As it turned out, the confession came after the eighth, and not the first, forgery.)

He chose Vermeer as his subject and spent four years researching and experimenting into ways of making his work, when completed, look genuinely 300 years old. In 1937 he produced what was to be his one great forgery, the "Christ at Emmaus."

The triumphant success of this picture—its acceptance by the great Doctor Bredius, its purchase by a dealer for £58,000, its display in an Amsterdam museum—are now matters of art history. So also is van Meegeren's planting of seven more fakes on an unsuspecting world, the last ("The Adultress," 1943) being bought by Goering himself for £165,000. It was this transaction that led to van Meegeren's arrest and confession. He was subsequently tried on a charge of forgery, found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. But he died before the sentence took effect.

Was van Meegeren a genius? If his paintings could pass for Vermeers, which *were* the work of a genius, was he not as good as Vermeer? These and other questions have been asked, and the answers have not always been reassuring. And the experts—they emerge from the van Meegeren affair with little credit. More penetrating inquiries as to the source of the first painting would have produced well-merited suspicions, and X-rays (never once employed) would have given the show away at once.

But the price of expertness, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance.

END

She Loved A Rebel Duke

(*Continued from page 20*)

heart was touched at the sight; he knew then whom he loved the better, but it did not save him from Mary's designs on her husband's behalf and the desperate gamble for a throne. He was too far committed now to draw back, even had he wished.

It was in a small house at Antwerp that, at long last, he told Harry: "I am going on a dangerous mission." Hand on heart, she watched him leave, dressed in soldier's rough clothes with cloak, jackboots and broad-brimmed hat. A few nights later, while she was dancing a minuet at a ball, a note came saying he was back and asking her to join him. In her ball dress covered with a cloak she hurried to his side and learned that there was no time to waste. They must go on to Gouda, then to Amsterdam, where Argyll awaited him.

Rebellion, rebellion, rebellion. The word reverberated in her heart like a tolling bell. Argyll would land in the Western Highlands, Monmouth at Lyme Regis and march to command the Severn, then join with the forces from the north and sweep on to London.

"I will make a banner for you," said Harry, with desperate hope in her bright eyes. "I will follow you to England and hear you proclaimed King!" The banner was a vivid green with gold motto: *Fear nothing but God.* She gave up her jewels to aid his dangerous mission; he pawned his, and the plate he had brought from England, and with the proceeds from these and money contributed by friends, bought two small ships, hired a 32-gun frigate, and equipped and armed them.

They were poignantly sad yet passionately happy days, their last in Rotterdam. When she had wished him good-bye and Godspeed and turned away to hide her tears she went alone into the old Dutch church to pray for his safety and the success of his daring venture.

Did he not think often of her during his seven weeks' campaign that ended tragically at Sedgemoor . . . when he lay in a ditch disguised as a shepherd, his only covering some branches of fern, his only food a few peas in his pocket? Immediately Harry heard of his capture she begged Mary to intercede with her father, King James, and save his life. Mary promised to do so, but William—pleased that his plans were maturing so well—forbade her. After Monmouth's execution the Bishop of Ely brought her a keepsake from her lover in a sealed packet. She took it . . . fell in a swoon . . . then said piteously as she came to: "Could not this poor man at the last find something better to think on than me?" and bitterly wept.

Inconsolable, she retired to Brussels and a year later died of a broken heart: the woman who gave all for love and was tenderly faithful to it, while so many other Restoration beauties toyed lightly with it to line their silk purses and win favour at a dissolute court.

END

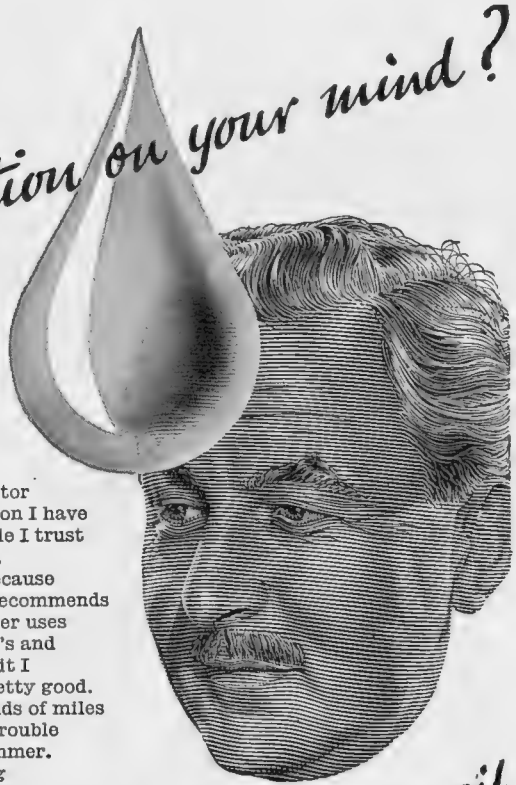
Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

Player's Please

[NCC 7598]

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Lubrication on your mind?



I'm a doctor, not a motor engineer. On lubrication I have to judge by what people I trust tell me and by results. I first tried Energol because the maker of my car recommends it, and my garage owner uses it himself. With Price's and Anglo-Iranian behind it I thought it must be pretty good. Well, I've had thousands of miles easy running and no trouble starting winter or summer. So I feel safe in saying myself, you should use **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** *says the doctor.*

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Holmes
NORWICH

The Waiter's Clue

(Continued from page 27)

that doesn't meet the eye at all, sir." The sergeant returned to his original complaint. "This vanishing into thin air. . . ."

"Never mind that for the moment. Records were asked to check on Matessis about a fortnight ago. He's not on the card index; but the facts behind the request are interesting. Matessis is believed to have been a member of an international currency ring. You know, the usual smuggling racket. There's some suggestion he was trying to blackmail some of his associates."

"Threatening to give the show away, sir?"

"Sounds like it."

The sergeant jerked his head in the direction of the now empty chair. "Petrides one of 'em?"

"Could be," Burke answered. "Could very well be. . . . Worth making some inquiries in Paris, anyway."

Lanaghan tried to narrow his eyes in an imitation of the inspector's mannerism. The result was a rather frightening scowl.

"Put the black on Petrides," he said thoughtfully. "And found that Petrides had as much on him—and a bit more. Lost his head. It's an instinct with Greeks to flash a knife. . . ."

Burke wasn't convinced. "I'm not so sure about his losing his head. He seems to have kept his wits about him so far as vanishing from the scene is concerned."

"Maybe Matessis was on the stage once," the sergeant suggested. He'd never completely outgrown a childish awe of conjurers and magicians. Then, as if realizing he was betraying himself, he added: "While you were telephoning, Ezra Borman was fluttering around the landing. Expecting to be questioned, and working himself into a panic. All alike, these people. He's another of 'em."

"What? A Greek?" Burke looked surprised.

"A foreigner, I meant," Lanaghan explained. "The more you see of them, the more easily you can understand Europe being in a mess." He added confidentially: "You know, sir, I'm not signing on for Heaven if the place is a blessed league of nations!"

Theology didn't go well with Burke's headache. He said, a little sharply: "Bring Borman in. You say he's the manager—does he own the hotel?"

"A share in it, I believe, sir."

Borman came in, wringing distress from his fingers. He was short and round. His hair was thin, in long black strands carefully arranged to cover as much as possible. Little beads of moisture sparkled under the electric light.

"Terrible, terrible. Not in ten years has anything like this happened. And now the sensation. The publicity. The newspapers. The disgrace. . . ." His voice was not much louder than a shaking whisper. "Inspector, you're in charge—you'll see that it is all finished and done as quickly as possible."

"The quicker I can get home to sleep, the better pleased I'll be," said Burke candidly.

"Bed! Sleep! For me they are out of the question! My hotel has been a place of quietness. Never a word of trouble. . . ."

The inspector remembered what Lanaghan had told him of a recent theft. In spite of the deceit, he felt rather sorry for the fat little man.

"Tell me as quickly as you can all about this. You're sure you didn't see Mr. Petrides's guest leave?"

"Of that I am certain. You see, the grey suit. It was a very excellent suit." Borman spread out podgy fingers. "The very thing. The name of the tailor, that was what I wanted. Of course," he shrugged his shoulders, "it might not have been an English suit; but I felt if it could be possible to have a word. . . ."

"Quite," the inspector cut him short. "Now are you certain, Mr. Borman, that you were in the entrance hall all the time? That you didn't go away—even for a minute or two?"

"I was there," Borman declared, with a dramatic little pause, "from the moment I saw the man in the grey suit walking up the stairs until. . . ." He paused again, his face puckered as though tears were near. His voice dropped to an actual whisper: "Until the waiter came to me and told me." He put his hands to his head. "It was a horrible moment. But I knew my duty as a lawful citizen. I went to the telephone and. . . ."

"Yes, yes. You did very well. And you were in the hall all the time?"

"It was necessary. This meeting. Normally I do not cater for meetings. Extra work." He spread out his hands. "Extra staff. Yes, it was most necessary that I should be there, where I could look through the archway into the main lounge, where I could step over to the glass doors of the dining-room. Just to see that everything was going the smooth way. And always, I had my eye on the stairs. There was the grey suit, you understand."

"You asked your receptionist to watch as well?"

"Miss Allen. Yes. She is very good at watching without making it obvious. . . ."

"I think we'll have a word with her," the inspector decided.

It was a clear signal of dismissal and Borman knew it; but he tried to linger. There was the unwelcome publicity, and he did hope the police would do as little as possible to increase it. He was sure that the inspector would understand and be as discreet as was consistent with the claims of duty.

Burke murmured soothingly, and Lanaghan said: "You leave it to us," at the same time taking Borman firmly by the arm and leading him towards the landing.

Miriam Allen, the receptionist, made a studiedly calm entrance. Without waiting for an invitation she sat down, crossing her legs gracefully. "If my daughter wore heels as high as that," said Sergeant Lanaghan afterwards, "I'd take her for a five-mile walk and teach her a lesson."

Miss Allen had little to add. It was true she'd kept a watch on the stairs. She was certain nobody in a light grey suit came down. Nor anybody who limped.

"Parcels? We're very careful about that," she said. "It's a rather delicate matter; but Mr. Borman has a horror of the wrong kind of publicity."

"He's got it now, hasn't he?" Burke remarked.

Miss Allen studied her ankles thoughtfully, as though assessing their competition value. She didn't reply.

"You were particularly careful to keep watch during the brief period when Mr. Borman went out of the hall?" Burke asked.

She looked up at that. Her grey eyes opened wider; but they were untroubled. "He didn't," she said, and Burke felt satisfied she was telling the truth.

"Were you at the desk when Mr. Petrides booked in?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"Can you describe him?"

"I'm afraid not. He was dark and foreign; medium build, I should think." Speaking a little faster, she said: "It was an exceedingly busy evening, and I'd rather a lot on my mind. There was a special. . . ."

"I know," Burke said.

"It meant I wasn't able to devote much time to my normal work."

"Quite," said Burke. She was, he found, even less informative about Matessis. "I scarcely noticed him until Mr. Borman mentioned the grey suit; then I caught a glimpse, only a back view, on the stairs. He had a bad leg. That's all I can tell you, I'm afraid."

When she'd gone, Lanaghan said: "She'd have noticed had he been her type and good looking. What she doesn't know about eye and leg technique. . . ."

"Any other witnesses?" the inspector asked.

"Henry Wills, waiter, sir," Lanaghan told him.

WILLS was a typical unfortunate, and his voice whined with complaint. Burke realized at once that sympathy would be a golden key. It meant listening to much that was irrelevant, but he showed no impatience. Unlike the sergeant, who shuffled his feet and cleared his throat a time or two.

"It's the room service which is the trouble," said Wills, "along with Mr. Borman not letting us use the lift. And tips are bad, nowadays. This man, now," he gave a vague jerk of his head, "met me at the door and took the drinks from me. He'd ordered them on the house phone, you see Inspector. Suppose he thought he could take a bit off the tip if he handled the tray himself." He sniffed. "It's a funny thing, Inspector, left-handed men are always mean. That's my experience, anyway."

"Left-handed. How do you know?"

"He took the tray in his left hand. And he gave me a shilling with his left hand."

"Can you remember anything else about him?"

Wills gave a frown of concentration. "The light's not too good on the corridor. Tell you, Inspector, Mr. Borman's mean in all the little things. Low-powered bulbs wherever he can get away with them. You should see the staff rooms! Well, what with being in a hurry, more or less having the door closed in my face, and the bad lighting I doubt if I'd know the man again if I saw him. Talked like a foreigner, though. Ordered coffee for an hour later—that's when I came up and, getting no answer, opened the door. I saw. . . ."

Burke hurried him through the rest and dismissed him. Wills departed, a little resentful.

"Close the door, Lanaghan," said Burke. "We'll just have to check up; but we've got it, haven't we?"

The sergeant frowned. "I'm not quite clear . . ." he began.

"Well, see if you can find some scissors in the room," said Burke, crossing to the phone. "Handle them very carefully," he added.

"Easy enough," said Lanaghan. "Here are scissors." He waited while Burke completed the call. "I don't get it, sir. Why ask the morgue. . . ."

Burke smiled. "Easy enough. First of all, motive. The execution of a squealer. The grey suit went out of the hotel, cut about so that it fitted under another one. Uncomfortable; but it wouldn't be for long. And now Petrides, complete with passport, is trying to get on a plane back to Paris. . . ."

"Petrides!"

"Exactly. We'll find he's a big man in the ring—that explains why he was able to summon Matessis, who didn't know his contemplated treachery was known. Petrides killed Matessis, changed suits; used the scissors and donned another suit from his luggage on top of the grey one. Walked out—no limp, because that belonged to the murdered man."

"So that . . ." said Lanaghan thoughtfully. "But how did you tumble to it, sir?"

"Mainly because of a waiter who has the quaint theory that left-handed people are mean. Remember the coins we found in the left-hand trouser pocket? Suggestive, eh?" Burke's headache felt better. Bed was appreciably nearer. He smiled at Lanaghan. "You may think Greeks are as alike as two peas; but they're not all left-handed."

END

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Death Of A Lion (*Continued from page 8*)

a fine male lion stood at the very edge of the road, watching him, the only person in sight. With the utterly reckless physical courage so characteristic of him, the commissioner picked up a light cane standing near his canvas chair and, walking down the steps of his veranda, made straight towards the lion.

"Clear off, you brute!"

The lion snarled again, switching its tail, but as wild animals will nine times out of ten when fearlessly approached, let him get within no nearer a distance than twenty feet before turning and walking off back into the long grass from whence it had come. Conscious that he was being watched by half a hundred pairs of eyes, the commissioner followed it to the edge of the grass before shrugging contemptuously and retracing his steps.

He had gone half a dozen paces when Hawkins came at a dead run around the general store, carrying a rifle. Evidently he had only just heard about the pussy cat. The commissioner waved him back.

"Careful," he said. "Where were you going?"

"After the lion, sir. Hadn't I better put a slug into him?"

"Have you thought what would happen if he was only winged?" The older man took him by the arm and led him away. "Never try and follow a lion into grass like that. If he came out at you you'd never see the blighter till he was on top of you."

He did not speak so discouragingly only because he was afraid that the boy might steal some of his thunder by killing the lion. He was genuinely concerned. Likely lad, Hawkins, in spite of his poetical phrases in the drawing-room. Besides, if he were killed, there would be an hysterical woman to deal with. Anyone who did go into that grass alone at the moment very likely would be killed. Seen it happen: man go in with a nice big gun ready to shoot, lion come out from the side at a neat seventy miles an hour, man very dead very quickly.

For the first time that day the commissioner smiled a little as he accompanied his assistant back to the bungalow. The natives were applauding loudly. The commissioner was a man who could stand applause even from a black. He walked with a stiff-spined military gait, head up, chin in, his features now ironed out to a stare of indifference. This was the sort of thing that toned a man up, made him feel that life was worth living.

"Are you all right, Harry?" Anne, on the veranda steps, spoke to him, but her eyes were for Hawkins.

"All right? Perfectly, m'dear. Tell Abdul to keep everybody indoors tonight, will you? We'll hunt the beggar out of that grass to-morrow. Not enough light left now."

He took his seat in the canvas chair once more to sit smiling at the sunset over the thick tops of the distant trees; and when Abdul came out to give him the look which meant "Whisky?" shook his head. That little encounter had been the best of all stimulants to him. He had no real mania for drink. He only drank because there was no other excitement.

Again, as those do who live much in their memories, he pictured the different scenes in his mind: not now from his own point of view as a player in it, but as a very sympathetic onlooker. There was no doubt about it, he had put up a jolly good show there. A jolly good show. He heard himself again calmly berating the frightened native: saw himself pick up the little cane and walk out, straight for the lion. He had never felt any emotion about danger to himself, had never contemplated the loss of his own life. Because he lived especially for the delight of risking it; that, and the applause afterwards. Now the lion was shrinking away; and he, with a contemptuous shrug, turned back. With a shadow Hawkins, he returned to the shack.

But Anne was not looking at him.

His mouth once more settled into that hard line as he remembered. As he remembered the fear and love in her eyes.

No doubt at all about it, the pair were set upon one another. Very much so. Only too well-bred, both of them, to do anything definite about it. Lucky for him that they were; though privately, he was not sure but that he thought the pair of them ninnies. There is only one life in his world; and damn the consequences, let it be lived to the full, every possible minute of it. Go straight ahead, and if it's war, chuck a grenade at anything which stands in your path. Love is war, from the first moment to the end of it. And if you've eaten the enemy's salt—what then? Go and tell him to his face that the fight is on, and let him look out for himself.

The sun, drawing in his many-coloured fingers, had set in the far sea of jungle blue and green. Darkness thick as a blanket hurried to wrap the world around. The tsetses went away; he put down his leaf. And a thicker shadow glided silently along beside the balcony.

"Bwana Kun'l?"

"Yes?" It was the close-mouthed M'Kama, dressed in his smock like a toga and carrying a bow and arrows.

"Bwana Hawk'ns go after simba."

"Uh! The devil you say! Now?"

"In grass now, Kun'l."

The commissioner cursed as he heaved himself out of his chair. Though he had no time to think it all out coherently, he had a premonition that he knew what this was about.

"Tell Abdul to fetch my Springfield. Quick!"

M'Kama beckoned silently, and Abdul appeared with the rifle. Grabbing it, the commissioner set off at the fastest run his punctured lung and spreading belly would permit towards where the grass and road met. M'Kama ran effortlessly at his side, unsealing his quiver of arrows.

"Where did he go?"

Quite silent, M'Kama led the way. One of the best men in Africa, black or no black. Without hesitation he plunged into the tall grass, the commissioner on his heels.

The danger of their position was probably not so great as his had been that afternoon, when he had bearded the brute unarmed; but it was large enough. All half-dozen might be in this grass: evidently hungry, too, to come so near. The bow and arrows were very poor defence, and the gun little better in this stuff in the dark. But the commissioner did not think of his own life. He thought of the possible loss of the best black he had ever had and the certainty of hell on earth at home if Hawkins were eaten.

But M'Kama, who saw all things, had been quick. He had called Abdul out with the rifle before Hawkins even got into the grass, and shot around to Bwana Kun'l. Bwana Kun'l saw a white-clad back in front of him, increased speed, and did not stop. No arguing. As Hawkins turned around, a fist with thirteen stone behind it caught him full on the jaw. They were out of that grass in less than three minutes, M'Kama carrying the unconscious Hawkins, the commissioner following with two rifles and a bow.

When Hawkins woke he was sitting in the canvas chair, and his superior sat opposite in another. He scowled, blinked, and rubbed his jaw.

"Did you hit me?"

"I beg your pardon!"

Hawkins moved his bruised jaw to see if it was still movable, and tried again. "Did you hit me, *sir?*"

"You know dashed well I did. Were you not under orders to keep out of that grass?"

"Was that an order, sir?"

"Was that an order!" The commissioner swore. "Do you realize that in going there you jeopardized the lives of two people?"

Hawkins began to say heatedly that he had not asked anyone to follow him, but subsided into a mumble. A good lad. Understood discipline.

"Why did you do it, eh?"

"I wanted to clear the lions out, sir."

"You're a liar. Tell the truth. Why did you go in there?"

He knew perfectly well, now that he had had time to think. He should not have asked that question. The truth began to come out before he could stop it.

"I wanted the lions to get me, sir."

"Oh? Ah! The devil! What's this, sob stuff?"

"If you like, sir."

The commissioner screwed up what little moral courage he had, in case the issue came out fully, to face it. He put back a whisky that Abdul had thoughtfully left for him.

"What is it, eh? A girl?"

"Yes, sir. A—girl at home."

Damned liar. Good.

"Married somebody else, what?"

"Yes, sir. It was really the best way out. Your telling me how dangerous it was to go into the grass gave me the idea. No talk. Silly young fool thinking himself a hunter. Finish."

"Uh." The commissioner stared at him. "Well, I think you'd better go to bed. I want to think about this. No more of these tricks, understand?"

"I suppose it's no use, in any case. I had better think it over again myself." Hawkins stood up. "Good-night, sir."

"Goo' night."

The commissioner watched his assistant go down the veranda steps through the thick moonlight into the dark. He sat there for several minutes thinking: then getting to his feet with a wheeze, went indoors, taking his rifle with him. Anne was alone, reading in an armchair. She had probably heard the sound of muffled voices, no more.

"All right, m'dear?"

"Yes, thank you."

As responsive as the chair she sat in. He shrugged, and took his rifle and revolver into another room to prepare them for the morning. Better at least run a rag through the barrel of the Springfield to remove the surplus oil so that it wouldn't throw high. Those who shoot at lions and miss usually do so only the once.

He had plenty to think about as he sat cleaning the weapons. It had been an unusually exciting day. To-morrow might and might not be. Ten to one when they beat that grass mob-handed they would find nothing at all: the lion or lions would have cleared off back to the hills. But there were memories, to pass at least a few more days. Since the afternoon, he really felt that he had lived.

Then, on top of everything else, there was the situation between young Hawkins and Anne, really come to a head at last. Imagine the silly beggar trying to commit suicide! For what? For the sake of rubbishy principles. Sentimentality.

A braver man than you are, said a little voice in the back of his mind.

The commissioner ignored it, as he usually ignored thoughts which did not say what he wanted them to say, assiduously cleaning his rifle, turning over again and again the collection of flattering pictures which had accumulated in his mind during the day. Some of them could stand being looked at a dozen times. Every now and again he paused in what he was doing, and remained, gazing into space, a smile on his lips, engrossed with thought. Himself and M'Kama dashing into the grass, regardless of danger. Young Hawkins sitting in the chair holding his jaw, looking the fool he was. Hawkins——

A braver man than you are, said the voice again.

The commissioner took a whisky, which he should not have needed, and once more went on with what he was doing. He pondered once more what an amazing amount of courage he had.

But no moral courage at all, said the voice.

Now it would not be silenced, even with two or three whiskys. He sat on, his face growing more and more bleak as he pretended not to hear the voice tell him what he actually was: a council schoolboy, son of a coffee-stall proprietor, whose whole life had been built upon two things: snobbish opportunism, (*Continued on page 72*)

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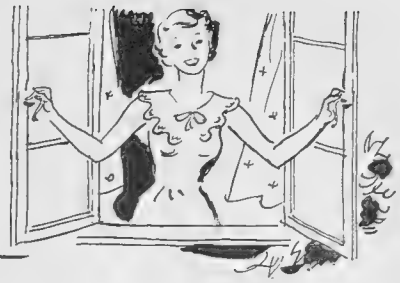

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and a blind insensitivity to a natural human instinct. Who had got where he was because of only one fact: he suffered from a still-born imagination. Who was decent to others because it was English gentlemanly to be kind; but who was actually little better than an imitation of a stock character out of a Victorian novelette. A man with no real principles, a snob who did not want to know his own father, a drunken romantic who did not merely talk trash like Hawkins, but lived it: so much so that his very thoughts had become those of Blimp. Thinking himself the bravest man in the world, but actually living a life full of terrors, terrified that the truth of his upbringing would out, terrified of club talk, native talk, anything at all which would bring him down a peg from the position his medals had won him. Terrified that Anne would leave him; not because he loved Anne still so well, but simply because of the consequences socially. A worm.

He knew that it was not actually so bad as that: this was the blackest pitch his thought could reach. But it was the other side of his medals. The snob, the pretender, who could well die with a crowd to watch him do it. Hawkins, the real thing, would die quietly, unseen, leaving the world to call him fool. Maybe not a braver man; but a far more real one.

Braver, too, the voice said.

For a long time the commissioner sat, looking out of the thick-netted window at the dark. Braver, too. Because a man who can die for glory is not really brave, he is vain; whereas the man who dies for his beliefs, however naïve these may be, has no flaw at all in his courage. There is nothing in particular which strikes the cool intelligence about a man who will face a lion unnecessarily with a stick except that he must be a bit thick between the ears. That is how it must have appeared to more than one who watched. To Anne, for example. To Hawkins. Perhaps even to the wog storekeeper. And so it would seem in the clubs when they heard about it.

"Old Nevans again. Brave, of course. But I suppose you could call any moron brave in the circs. Chess, old boy?"

To Anne, especially.

A cold wife; cold beer; a belch; and a seat in the shade, with heroic dreams that logic could prick like the bubbles they were. A row of medals with only stuffing behind them. A life that could never be anything because it never had been anything; only an obstacle to the real people.

Lt.-Colonel Harry Nevans, V.C., D.S.O., nine titles in all. He went over them one by one, carefully. But the formula would not work now. V.C. for his inability to think rationally. Croix de Guerre for lack of imagination. D.S.O. for insensitivity. And Anne, beautiful precious Anne, because the false front had been too good for her to pierce until after they were married.

Again he sat, finishing off his work, deep in thought comprised of very different pictures. Whisky only made them the more vivid. In

Death Of A Lion

dreams, a hero. In actuality, a coward.

A coward! At the unfamiliar name his own mind called him, a spark of fight flared up again. The line of his jaw was white. Who said coward?

There was no reply, nor necessity for reply.

He did not hear the quiet growl of the lion as again it crept to the edge of the grass and crouched, watching his light. Quietly contemplating, the commissioner was lost in his thoughts. Now he knew the extent of real courage. And knowing, he knew also the only way in which he could show as much as Hawkins.

The commissioner put a single round into his revolver, spun the cylinder, and raised it without giving himself time to think more. He even resisted the last note to Anne making it obvious why he was doing this. Give her a bad conscience. As for the clubs, damn them: let them talk.

At the sound of a shot many who had been long abed started in fear out of their sleep: as far away as the hills, the monkeys and the green wood-pigeons apprehensively opened their eyes; the kudu at the salt-lick barked; hyenas howled; and at the edge of the road, as even the lion started in apprehension and bounded off into the grass again, M'Kama, sitting in a tree with taut bow string and watching the wrong danger point for once, cursed all whites for fools.

END

New Theories On Childbirth (*Continued from page* 48)

are at present most doctors will continue to advise the ten days rest period after which the normal case may gradually resume an everyday routine with little risk to health.

The short-term "bed rest after confinement" rule applies equally to many illnesses and to surgical operations. Experience and research show that a long period of bodily inactivity tends to slow up the circulation. The initial success of operations or labour in the past were marred by the fear of blood clot which could descend like a bolt from the blue. There was no guarantee against this complication and immediate death sometimes occurred when a piece of clot broke off and was carried by the blood stream to the lungs. Admittedly, this was a rare accident but phlebitis and white leg were commonplace events. Limb massage and exercise in bed together with muscular contractions induced by standing and gentle walking prevent blood stagnation and promote a steady circulation. In this way the tissues are kept well supplied with fresh oxygenated blood and waste products are speedily removed. The longer the muscles are permitted to relax the more difficult it becomes for them to contract easily, so that actually the time taken to recover strength depends within limits on the shortness of the time the patient remains in bed.

Apart from blood stagnation, a restricted period in bed after labour is important from another aspect. The womb cannot return quickly to normal unless the abdominal muscles squeeze hard and assist it to drain properly. When their contractions are prevented from lack of exercise the womb remains large and bulky, may leak uncomfortably for many months and never regain its natural size. Prolapse, more familiarly known as dropped womb, is due to the descent of the large heavy organ which the slackened muscles have little power to support in correct position. Prolapse frequently ruined our grandmother's health and if it does occur to-day, which is comparatively seldom, a fairly simple operation soon puts things right. Firm muscle-power is also an indispensable aid to easy bowel and bladder action, especially after an abdominal operation or pregnancy when the abdominal wall has been opened or stretched. It is far more difficult to empty these organs satisfactorily while lying flat, added to which the very thought of using a bed utensil has a psychological effect sufficient to prevent a ready response.

It is as well our grandparents did not have to lead the busy lives outside their homes which is the lot of their granddaughters. The rest cure they "enjoyed" after childbirth must have prevented them from rediscovering their "land legs" for months. Whether it is a good thing or not for women to have business careers as well as a young family is another matter altogether, but what does matter is the high medical standard of efficiency maternity and child welfare has attained in our generation. Six weeks after the birth of her baby the average woman is strong and fit enough to take her place once again in the business world.

END

Portrait Of A Country Town (*Continued from page* 16)

did not succeed in destroying all of it. However, the Lewes children and youths of to-day are doing their best to remedy this failure.

It is not distinguished public men or twentieth-century children and young people who are responsible for the slow shrinking of the great Norman castle which dominates the town. Centuries of wind and rain hurtling across the Downs, where Simon de Montfort fell upon the troops of an English king, must be blamed for the disappearance of all but the impressive Barbican and Keep. Not that Lewes is one of those towns which invite the visitor to inspect a single outstanding building and leave it at that. Was there ever a town where so much of interest was clustered in so small—and so steep—an area?

Here are unexpected side-streets rich in frivolous Georgian architecture that bring to mind the exciting side-ways of the much more modern Brighton. Here is yet another house where Anne of Cleves lived; here is the site where John Harvard, founder of Harvard University, was married in 1636. Here rode the killers of Thomas à Becket after they had committed murder in a cathedral. Here in the market place before the ancient Town Hall, sixteen Protestants were burned at the stake in the days of grim Queen Mary.

Lewes folk talk of this incident as if it occurred yesterday. On November 5 they march in fancy dress, with four thousand flaming torches and three or four bands, to the site of the giant bonfires, and one society still rounds off the evening with bonfire prayers, and an oration by the "Archbishop," and cries of "No Popery . . . Rule Britannia . . . God Save The King."

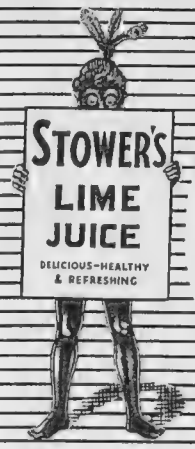
These incredible celebrations which attract tens of thousands of visitors to the town—one year, Press photographers representing *Life* came all the way across the Atlantic—are not carried out free of casualties. In 1948 a local newspaper reported "Thirty people were taken to hospital during the evening"—all of them injured by fireworks.

Last year the police banned the throwing of fireworks in the streets. The sequel was a marked decline in the casualties and an equally considerable rise in the number of arrests.

Could this sort of thing happen in any other town in Britain? I doubt it. Men are greatly influenced by their surroundings. Perhaps it is the ancient architecture of this lovely town on the Downs which prevents the people from escaping from their past.

In 1822 William Cobbett found the place "a model of solidity and neatness . . . the people well dressed and the girls remarkably pretty, as indeed they are in most parts of Sussex; round faces, features small, little hands and wrists, plump arms and bright eyes. . . ." No native of the place will deny that all this is still as true as ever.

But some changes have occurred in the town that would not have met with Mr. Cobbett's approval. He would be disturbed, for instance, by the multiple stores that have trespassed into the lower reaches of the town. He would look with disfavour on the two cinemas. He would surely explode with fury at the pre-war housing estates, smothering the Downs with concrete roads and pavements. (*Continued on page* 74)



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(If houses had to be built on the Downs, surely they need not have been cramped behind *pavements*. Why not tarred footpaths edged with grass?)

And now new and more extravagant houses are encroaching on the Downs to the south of the town, all of them alike in being different.

Not that our own generation are the only offenders. The Edwardians and late Victorians built a few rows of houses—they called them dwellings—rich in crinkum-crankum ornaments. Yet all this is soon forgotten once we are really in the town. For the handsome High Street with its row of elms sweeps down a hill lined with houses that were built with a grace and simplicity of line that could hardly be bettered.

Yet walking down this street—and you cannot "taste" a town unless you explore it on foot—it is impossible not to observe certain less desirable changes which have marked our age. A Georgian house with an untidy garden—it is the only neglected garden in the street—is the headquarters of the County Horticultural Committee. Other handsome houses are now the homes of clubs and restaurants and antique shops, with their wares spread out for sale in drawing-rooms where the Victorians were At Home on Tuesdays; typewriters chatter in rooms where the gentry once drank tea. Bureaucracy and commerce are on the march, expanding at the expense of ordinary people.

"We can only afford a tiny cottage," says the woman who once lived where the Ministry now reign. "We are sharing a flat," says her neighbour. It is So Much Cheaper. So out go the family and in come the officials.

This Is Where We Used To Live, says the passer-by. "Now the Fuel Overseer has the dining-room; the Pig Food Officer is housed in my bedroom; the County Agricultural (Pests Division) Officer shares the nursery with a bevy of typists from the statistica section."

And since houses were meant to be homes and not vast filing cabinets, there is a flavour of sadness about these lovely buildings that deepens as their walls vibrate with the roar of impatient traffic outside. Lewes was not "meant" for this mid-twentieth century.

But it lives on and still carries a charm, an air of bustle and life and a beauty that is worth going far to see. "Lewes has always been a bit old-fashioned," said the Terrible Young Man in the restaurant. E. V. Lucas, writing half a century ago, said "Lewes is a full quarter of a century behind Brighton . . . and would do well jealously to maintain this interval."

And so say thousands of people who visit Lewes each year and then return again and again *and again*.

END

Portrait Of A Country Town

Five Ounce Jerkin

(*Continued from page* 40)

BACK BORDERS

Rejoin m. at the 12 sts. of one border, and using No. 13 needles work in k. 1, p. 1, rib until border measures approximately 20 ins. from the cast on edge (½ in. less than edges of Jerkin). Cast off. Work border on other side to match.

THE FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and m., cast on 138 sts. and * work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 8 rows.

9th row.—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, cast off 3, loop on needle) (k. 1, p. 1) 61 times, k. 1,; cast off 3, (loop on needle), p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

10th row.—(K. 1, p. 1) twice; cast on 3, (p. 1, k. 1) 62 times; cast on 3, (k. 1, p. 1) twice. Rep. from * until welt matches that on back. Slip border sts. at each end of work on to a spare needle as before and dec. 1 st. on the centre sts. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in patt. until work measures approximately 15 ins. from the cast on edge, finishing on a 12th row of patt. Shape neck thus : (Right side of work), patt. 36 ; cast off 41 (loop on needle), patt. 35.

Continue in patt.; dec. at the neck edge 3 times (33 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20½ ins. from the cast on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 rows starting at armhole edge. Now work back to armhole edge and cast off last 9 sts. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

FRONT BORDERS

Using No. 13 needles and m.; rejoin wool at one set of border sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, making buttonholes as before until 11 in all are completed. Continue in k. 1, p. 1, until border measures approximately 20 ins. Cast off. Work other border to match.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder. Now using No. 13 needles and m., and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 109 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 inch. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Oversew borders neatly to edges stretching borders slightly as you sew to ensure a snug fit. Join second shoulder. Stitch buttons to match buttonholes.

END

Baby's Knitted Coat

(*Continued from page* 40)

Now on a k. row, * k. 2 tog.; rep. from * ending k. 16 (40 sts.). Work the waffle pattern and decrease on 5th row at armhole edge and every row after for 6 rows (34 sts.).

Work straight until armhole is 3 ins. round curve.

Work only on the all k. st. for 10 rows.

Cast off. (28 sts.).

K. 2 tog. next to the all k. st. on every row for 10 rows (18 sts.). Work straight until armholes have same number of rows as back. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row 3 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT

As left but put the 6 all k. st. at opposite edge.

When the waffle st. at yoke starts, make a buttonhole by casting off 3 sts. in the all k. border (2 sts. from edge), and rep. buttonhole twice more placing them evenly so that top one comes 2 rows before casting off.

NECKBAND

Cast on 6 sts. with No. 12 needles and white. Work all k. for long enough to sew round neck. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 34 sts. with No. 11 needles, and white wool. Work waffle st. for 2 bands of blue. Now work the first 4 rows of white again. Change to No. 12 needles and k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 11 again and work stocking st. with k. side to *wrong* side of waffle, starting with an increase row as follows : * K. 4 st. K. twice into next st.; rep. from * (making 40 sts.). Continue stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 10th row until there are 8 ins. from lower end of rib (with cuff turned back sleeve is 8 ins.).

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 24 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve, and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons and neck strip.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 28)

he recalled being one of the first to ship live fish from Holland : "You were also the first guy ever to buy dead fish and bring 'em over here in a liner."

"CATCH !" (Latimer House, 12s. 6d.) by Keith Miller and R. S. Whitington, a lively account of the 1949-50 South African and 1950-51 Australian Cricket Tours with all the Test lore any fan could want and much about the places and people.

WHEN Nigel Balchin takes a triangle for theme—husband, wife, lover—it won't be just eternal, it will finish up with at least as many angles as a seven-pointed star. In **"A Way Through the Wood"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) wife Jill and lover the Hon. Bill—husband James's friend—have the misfortune, out driving, to run down and kill the husband of a woman who works for James and Jill. When James, a local J.P., finds that Jill, not Bill, was driving, all sorts of complications ensue, culminating in a furious car-dash to stop Jill telling the wife she was to blame. Dramatic, human, exciting? In Mr. Balchin's hands it's everything, from funny to pathetic.

NOT for the first time has a man in love with a girl found that love switching to the stepmother. In Viola Meynell's **"Ophelia"** (Barrie, 10s. 6d.) Richard Landor's sympathies are first stirred by the stepmother's obvious suffering through desertion by the husband she loved ; but as the new love develops he rebels against her obsession with the old. The husband's contrite return from Kenya, whither he had fled with a girl, resolves a situation which was growing more difficult. A sensitive, delicate story in which the stepmother is real enough to make the stepdaughter, by contrast, an unconvincing shadow. I found it suited perfectly a deckchair in the sunny Bancroft river-gardens at Shakespeare's Stratford-upon-Avon.

THOSE nineties could be naughty even in staid Church Street, Kensington, with the gay young wife of an assistant-editor of *The Times* (plus three children) not only sitting to a painter as Joan of Arc but running off with him and getting divorced. Sir Philip Gibbs makes a lovably wayward character of her in **"The Spoils of Time"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), especially in relation to son Val, his romantic love affair and climb to literary fame. The lamplighter-hansom cab London has a nostalgic appeal to the old, a period interest for the young.

WHAT drama may touch even a quiet country rectory when a girl who worked for the rector and his wife forty years previously comes into the news as a middle-aged housekeeper charged with poisoning her invalid mistress ! (*Continued on page* 75)

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Mrs. Cartaret knew Lydia was worthless, for she had virtually been blackmailed by her over a secret pre-marriage love for a married man. She believes the woman guilty and is shocked at the acquittal, more shocked when the quixotic rector brings her home after the trial because she has "no means of support" (though the papers want her life story, which should be support enough for some time). Winifred Duke's "**Shadows**" (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.) have sufficient dramatic substance to make a tense, well-told story.

BARONET'S estate and village pub share the interest in Naomi Jacob's "**The Heart of the House**" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Edith Marsden nobly foregoes the baronet's son, whom she loves, knowing he must marry money to save the ancestral home from bankruptcy. Her brother Drake, agent on the estate, menaces her hopes of another marriage by falling for Flora, the bouncing licensee of the "Lamb and Flag." Out of this, and much else, Miss Jacob builds a fine, broadly human Yorkshire yarn which is also so broadly dialect in places as almost to need an interpreter.

A TOWERED, turreted old Scottish house riddled with ghosts and Stuart history, a party headed by the irrepressible Elinor who rents it furnished and imports a semi-fake medium to investigate . . . what poltergeist fun Winifred Peck can have with a comedy set-up like that! But there is also quite a serious psychic side to "**Unseen Array**" (Faber, 10s. 6d.), written with Lady Peck's light, sure character touches.

AT nearly ninety, Eden Phillpotts can still tell a sterling West Country story with almost Biblical simplicity and fervour. "**Through a Glass Darkly**" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) concerns two old Merchant Navy shipmate cronies sharing their sunset years together and the tragic break between them when Abe stops not at murder to save the Captain's niece, who looks after them, from a marriage they deplore.

LOVE, valour, violence, cruelty in an Indian Mutiny setting are drawn with strong colours in John Masters's "**Nightrunners of Bengal**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), an "historical" teeming with incident.

EDMUND WILSON'S "**Memoirs of Hecate County**" (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) puts the accent on love—or what passes for it when the hero's "regular" goes off to California, and he has affairs with the beautiful wife of a moneyed friend and a poor little pick-up at a tawdry dance-hall. The extremely frank treatment raised a to-ban-or-not-to-ban storm in U.S.A. and may shock here—if we are not by now hardened to U.S. novelists who, not content to let sex "raise its ugly head," display it entire in anatomical detail. Such nudity was not necessary to the more subtle, pervasive art of George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life*; why, then, to Mr. Wilson's, which also presents significant studies of modern American types and manners exceptionally well written.

END

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The Struggle For The Tourist Trade

(*Continued from page 9*)

at the big terminals and clamp on your third-class seat.

Switzerland has answered the French challenge by maintaining its fifty (Swiss) francs solatium to British visitors who stay fourteen consecutive nights in any one hotel. It cost the cautious Swiss £40,000 to do this last winter. As double the number of British visitors were expected this summer, compared with 1950's 175,000, several times that sum may have to be sacrificed. On the other hand the Swiss may be over-confident in respect of the £100 travel allowance, since observation shows that the average Briton does not spend more than £40, whatever he (or she) is entitled to.

I haven't come across any new Italian bait. In fact the Italians have gone to the other extreme by stopping cheap money deals by hard currency tourists, notably Americans and Swiss. But Spain is flaunting three lures peculiar to the country.

Devaluation of the peseta from 70 to 110 to the pound has made Spain the cheapest holiday country in Europe. I prefer to say "best value." Yet it is not the tourist's business to worry about the hard times many Spaniards are living through. All he need know is that his money is wanted on the terms laid down by the Spanish state.

Spain is not everyone's meat. The police supervision, the rich dishes, times of eating, excessive heat, strong wines, language difficulties, have to be weighed.

If you weigh them against Spain as the cheapest and best clothing emporium in Europe or out of it, I think Spain will win hands down and feet down—because Spanish footwear is also the best value to be had. Well-built shoes at 30s. a pair, and well-cut suits costing less than a third of what they cost in France (£23 to £25). This is bait, and no mistake, these days of £50 and £60 in Savile Row, and quite half as much in the City, where I once used to get suits for £3. It is bait that attracts Frenchmen by the thousand over the frontier at Cerbère and Hendaye. Now Britons have cottoned on, too, and they will look much better with a touch of Spain about the pants and waist than in the eternal sports jacket and grey flannels, the former too short and the latter too flappy.

Spanish leaflets proclaim: "Dress Beyond the Pyrénées." But you must undress first, this side of the Pyrénées. The French have got it all taped out. They put on their oldest clothes, even specially acquired "rags." Their Customs officers call it "the tramp parade" and know well what to expect a few hours, or maybe days, later.

Having acquired brand-new suits (made to measure "overnight" in some places, though this is dearer), shoes, hats, gloves, scarves and overcoats, French purchasers take a room for an hour at advertised "changing stations" on the Spanish side, dump their old clothes, sew on old ones in their stead, and step forth Customs-proof.

I don't know what may happen at Dover or Newhaven, but down on the Pyrénéan border Customs men have so far declined to strip returning purchasers of the clothes they stand up in, which are the only covering they have.

The third Spanish bait is camping. No country welcomes campers more liberally than Spain, the reason being her feeble hotel capacity compared with the neighbouring rival, France.

One way and another I'm not surprised that the famous international bridge linking Hendaye to Irun is to be made a one-way affair. It will take traffic going to Spain, and traffic coming therefrom will use a widened railway bridge capable of taking cars and motor-coaches. That the future one-way bridge into Spain would facilitate any sudden exodus from France has been bruited, though Franco says he'll only give visas to old people, women and children.

Before leaving the Iberian Peninsula, what, if any, bait may relatively happy little Portugal have? It has the bloodless bullfight—or did have until the other day when the leading matador, Santos, killed his bull with the padded horns and was arrested. Santos fought more than any Spaniard last year, with ninety-three fights spread over Spain, France, South America, Portuguese Africa and Portugal. But, whereas he may kill in the three first, he may not in the last two. Perhaps he thought he was in Madrid or Nîmes when he plunged in the sword, but it was Lisbon.

Anyway I quote: "Portuguese bullfighting is a chivalrous sport that an English audience might appreciate." It certainly has much of the skill and spectacle of the death-dealing variety, though not the latter's thrills.

Belgium's bait is a rebate on the Swiss line. A rebate card means that a visitor to an average type of hotel pays for only eleven of a fourteen-day's stay. But the rebates are not offered during the most favourable season, July 10 to August 27, which rather takes the gilt off them when I recall the chilly Belgian coast outside that period. However, rebate cards also give five per cent reductions in most shops on the coast, in Ghent and in Bruges, where the hotel rebates are also operative.

Clearly we may be only at the beginning of this kind of thing if West European countries continue to chase each other through the economic and financial maze. In fact, if the greatest invisible export only stayed at home for a summer or two, it ought to be able to dictate very favourable terms indeed. It would have provoked a rare old crisis, and not only in the tourist industry.

"Shall we go to France, dear? I see they're offering us an all-free night at the Bal Tabarin. What d'you think they mean by *all*-free?"

In addition to rebates, countries wilting for lack of custom might be expected to offer tourists a choice of products strongly identified with nationality—Scotch whisky, Spanish shawls, and so on. They'd be good publicity into the bargain, and *enfin* anything is possible in a period when an American is looked upon, not as a person, but as part of a dollar industry.

One of the baits for Americans was thought out by a team of European hotel experts after a tour of the U.S. sponsored by O.E.E.C.

First of twenty-five "musts" laid down that American guests should immediately get "a glass of iced water, containing ice cubes" when they sit down to eat. This led to a quick retort from an American in Paris, who said he hadn't come all the way from New York to live like an American in America, that the French drank wine and so would he, and iced water could wait, and.... "Why can't Europeans stop treating us as if we were innocent and petulant babes who need a wet nurse?"

Succeeding "musts" were that receptionists and staff should try to remember each customer's name, and use it when addressing him, that Americans like quick service and should not be made to wait between courses, and that the menu should contain suggestions to help the customer choose wines or other beverages with the courses served. This provoked the following:

"May I ask hotel officials, when receiving Chinese guests, to provide body-temperature water, chopsticks and wooden bowls, opium pipes, and *sake* instead of wine. They don't like their names mentioned, nor do they like shaking other people's hands. They like slow service, and smile when they are displeased with any defective service. They need no instructions about eating or drinking. Thanks!"

But what I'm wondering is—what are the "musts" for Egyptians, since I read on the authority of M. Ingrand, France's tourist chief, that 7,000 Egyptians brought more purchasing power to France than 200,000 Americans?

As for the Americans on their home pitch, they are dangling bait, too, live bait at that: "You are not going to see as much bare flesh on the beaches this season—but you are going to think you are seeing more. Instead of looking at acres of bare skin, you will peek at it through transparent or cut-out fabrics such as a nylon or flesh-coloured net. The idea is to give the illusion that you can see more than you can."

Britain, I fear, lags behind with bait, even in Festival year. She doesn't even come up to Denmark which offers free seats at Offenbach ballets. All the U.K. dangles is a respite from ration books, visitors being able to stay at hotels up to thirteen weeks instead of eight without requiring them. Yet it would have been so easy and sensible to have lifted the purchase tax for all foreigners for the duration and to have allowed them to bring in what food they wished. "It's as if we all had hoof and mouth disease," as one of them malapropped, on his return to France a thinner man.

Or again, nine neighbouring countries are going ahead with a view to making security, financial and Customs inspections while boat and other international trains are en route, but there's no fear of the tight little island coming into that one. Why? *Because they like to get you in sheds to look you over.* There's the authority of *The Times* for it: "A number of specialists on different types of international miscreant are enabled to see all the travellers in a shed; in a moving train this would be harder to arrange."

Tito wants tourists, except from the Cominform lands. No doubt he misses the pre-war earning capacity of Illyrian spring and summer—the Dalmatian coast. But alas Tito has no bait to offer—unless it be the undertaking to treat tourists as diplomats who may journey at will, save for a nine-miles-deep frontier zone. But, more alas, it costs a minimum of £8 a day to sojourn in Jugoslavia. Charming next-door Austria at a tenth of the cost need put out no other bait.

There is no room for foreigners on the Soviet Riviera in the Crimea, about the only place tourists could possibly go for a holiday in contemporary Russia. Last year it managed to cope with a mere 21,000 of the vast number of Soviet citizens applying through their factories and trade unions (but the resorts are growing in gimcrack style).

One has it on the authority of the *Literatournaia Gazeta*, of Moscow, which sent two reporters on tour in the Ukraine and White Russia, that the railways are in such disorder and the hotels in such lamentable shape (when there is one) that travelling in the U.S.S.R. becomes a punishment and any notion of touring for pleasure unthinkable.

It may take days queueing to get a ticket; when you've got one, it will be to find there are only two seats available on the train though twenty were vouched for; if you have one of the two upper berths, it's like a sandwich; the windows are not meant to open and as the ventilators work only ten minutes in each hour, the atmosphere is stifling; the *passagir* is supposed to be able to call on books, tea with sugar, and rugs for the long journeys, but these are never in adequate quantity. Worst of all, the train crew leaps out first at stopping-places where an hotel exists, and the *passagir* doesn't stand a chance of a room.

The description of such hotels is a litany of bad meals that take 1½ hours to serve, squalid "couldn't care less" service, dirty, small bedrooms, and little in the hygiene line ever working properly. This reporting was obviously sanctioned for a purpose. Only two hotels were praised: the Intourist at Baku, and the Donbass at Stalino.

END

1.8.51

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